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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Emma and Mr. Knightley

IT was Mr. Knightley's contention that Emma was jealous of the accomplished Jane Fairfax, not for her beauty, not even for the elegance which Emma valued so highly, but because Jane had acquired those accomplishments which come from the good reading that Emma had so often proposed for herself and so often deferred. With such seriousness did they take reading in those admirable houses where Jane Austen visited.

When Francis Bacon remarked with an emphasis that indicates how often he expected to be quoted: "Reading maketh a full man," the idea was not dissimilar. The elegant Emma had planned to fill her active mind with the thoughts of others from which much conversational merchandise could be made. Mr. Knightley hoped that she would learn sense, but it was sententiousness not sense that she hoped to acquire. It was no great misfortune that she was kept busy with match making and patronizing her subordinates, and had to be content with her elegance, which was indisputable.

If only all the Emmas would be satisfied to be elegant, or cultivate elegance as a virtue compensating for a lack of book knowledge! It was getting too full of reading that weighed down the delightful eighteenth century into a final dulness. The bluestockings were endurable when their surplusage of reading was sublimated in brilliant talk, but when they grew moral, sentimental, like the ladies of Llangollen, they seem, to us at least, quite insufferable. No wonder Byron squirmed and took refuge in Turkish harems. When reading becomes an accomplishment, it is dead at the root. The naughty girls who hid in the shrubbery to read romances with hearts afire were a little maudlin, but at least reading had been for them an experience.

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With most women today reading is a distraction, or, as with Emma, a part of the social make-up, or both. They are our most copious readers, yet few of them read for the sake of reading. They pick up a book, usually a good one, because they must feed a mind which they do not dare turn out to pasture. They have no pastures, no more than the weary industrialist with his detective story, and so must always keep the nose in a manger when they are not at work. But not even the motive of distraction is pure. Men usually pretend to know less than they really do, and hide warm interests like diseases, unless they are in congenial company. Women, once they have risen above the merely female, wish to seem to know more than they have acquired about things in general. Books are their greatest aid. They will take a tremendous punishing from an erudite text in order to be able to talk about a book. Books with them are still in the dress-goods category—they must have samples of what the well-read man is reading.

Reading for experience is the only reading that justifies excitement. Reading for facts is necessary but the less said about it in public the better. Reading for distraction is like taking medicine. We do it, but it is nothing to be proud of. But reading for experience is transforming. Neither man nor woman is ever quite the same again after the experience of a book that enters deeply into life. Thus women who do read well are probably the best of all readers, because, more readily than men, they give themselves over to experience. Women deeply experienced in books as well as in active life made the great salons of the age of conversation. They were accomplished, of course, but it was their experience with books that made them such happy friends of the intellect.

The kind of reading we do is reflected in the publishers' lists, which are chiefly made up of facts and distraction. We should, of course, have fewer titles and yet buy and read far more books. The women could reform the literary situation if they would choose a book with their emotions and judge it with their brains. For reading a good book the right away is a kind of love affair (the business of women) intense, brief, yet in its effects at least, lasting.

Mr. Knightley thought experience with books might leave Emma less egocentric. But a reading list for her was only the next step in elegance. She was not looking for experience.

Absolution

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

CEASE, O my soul, with so perplexed a mood
To bear the burdens of the fate of man.
It was not you who made life's bad or good,
Nor were your counsels asked when the firm plan
Was first established for the universe.
No guilt of yours with time and space conspired
To crush the better or exalt the worse;
That evil is, is not since you desired.
Take not upon yourself the heavy load
Of imperfection in the earth and sky,
But humbly dwell within your small abode,
And with unshrinking speculative eye
Watch through the doorway where along the road
The vast processions of the gods go by.

This Week

"I'll Take My Stand."
Reviewed by WILLIAM E. KNICKERBOCKER.

"Voiceless India."
Reviewed by RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

"Life in College."
Reviewed by CLARENCE W. MENDELL.

"Responsible Drinking."
Reviewed by JOHN WURTS.

"A Roving Commission."
Reviewed by J. W. T. MASON.

"The Life of Mahomet."
Reviewed by HAROLD LAMB.

"The Cross Bearers."
Reviewed by MARY LEE.

"Through the Alimentary Canal."
Reviewed by LAWTON MACKALL.

"A Woman with White Eyes."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

John Mistletoe, XX.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

Physics and Platonism.
By F. S. C. NORTHROP.

That Other Liberty

By JOHN CORBIN

MR. NORMAN THOMAS'S praise of Mr. E. D. Martin's "Liberty,"* in a past number of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, is as warm as it is discerning and just, but his criticism lacks something of finality. Toward the close he throws out a most interesting and pertinent idea—and leaves it suspended in mid-air.

The point in question is the extension of national power over the States, over industries, and over individuals. Mr. Thomas agrees with Mr. Martin that administrative tribunals such as the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Reserve Board, and the Farm Board, controlling economic and financial affairs, are no just precedent and example for purely social control, such as the enforcement of national prohibition; that the extension of social control, "even for desirable ends," must bear the burden of proof. Yet he contends that in the modern world a general and systematic social order is indispensable, that "the burden of proof has been met."

> Powers of government must be extended. The question is how, and in what spirit. The concern of a lover of liberty is less with the powers of the thing we call government in the abstract than with the question how we may make government, in our thinking and in our practice, a useful servant rather than an absolute master. Here again Mr. Martin's capacity for clear thinking and vivid and lucid expression might have given us more help.

Very politely, a socialist lays before an individualist the question to which socialists profess to have the only answer.

In the same spirit Mr. Thomas proceeds to suggest that that greatest of oppressors of the liberty of the individual, "large-scale war," is likewise a subject for collective control; but here he adds a sentence with which Mr. Martin, and most other American writers on government, profoundly disagree. "He who would save liberty must put his trust in democracy." In any right use of the word, our government has never been democratic. In the philosophy of the Constitutional Fathers democracy and liberty were antagonistic, irreconcilable, eternally at war; they specifically denounced democracy as no less oppressive than a monarchy. They therefore established a form as radically opposed to one as to the other, namely, a republic; and, in spite of Jefferson's Revolution of 1800 and the democratic movement of the nineteenth century, a republic our government still is. Mr. Thomas envisages only one alternative to the present rampancy of mob psychology—collective democracy, which is another name for socialism. From him, that was of course to be expected. Yet even those of us who reject his conclusion must admit, if we are quite candid, that about the only hard, clean, and systematic thinking on such subjects in the world of today is that of the socialists.

Mr. Thomas falls in with the universal verdict that Mr. Martin's application of the standard concepts of liberty to our modern problems is vivid and eloquent; but he is backed by many or most of Mr. Martin's critics in the verdict that the book is "not profound" and "not in the highest sense original." It was no doubt in a spirit of courtesy and decorum that he refrained from developing his own socialistic ideas of a collective control under which democracy would become the fountain of liberty.

As between socialism and the mainly untrammeled liberty of the individual is there no *tertium quid?* I hope I shall be as decorous as Mr. Thomas in subordinating merely personal opinion; but I hope also to be pardoned for pointing out that a middle way was embodied in our Constitution of 1787 and is

* *Saturday Review of Literature*, June 7, 1930.

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still clearly traceable in spite of the inroads of the nineteenth century. In advocating collective democracy Mr. Thomas comes within an ace of it—but an ace is a high card! That it has been ignored by all champions of the old and orthodox concept of liberty is one of the marvels of contemporary thought, a paradox incredible if it were not so clearly demonstrable. Thus Mr. Martin very ably and eloquently traces the development of the idea and practice of liberty in ancient Athens, in the Renaissance, and in the French Revolution; he extensively quotes Milton on the freedom of the press and John Stuart Mill on civil liberty; but he does not mention our own Constitution, the theory of which derives from Aristotle and was put into successful practice in ancient Rome, in eighteenth century England, and in our early State constitutions, before it was given perhaps its most perfect embodiment by the Convention of 1787.

Mr. Martin finds only two "philosophies" of liberty—or, rather, as these are "incompatible," only one. According to the "romantic" philosophy of Rousseau, liberty is a God-given "natural right," at war with social organization, with civilization—"a gift of nature to be restored to all mankind in equal degree by the emancipation of the masses from social bondage to the institutions and traditions of civilization." Like the kings of old, natural man can do no wrong. "The hope of freedom is based on the belief in the good intentions of man acting as mass. No other guarantee of the individual is necessary." Its characteristic cry is "Let the people rule." Thus "liberty is individual spontaneity secured by mass action." This is the democratic concept, abhorred by the Constitutional Fathers but dear to the Jeffersonians. The great virtue of Mr. Martin's book is its demonstration of how completely mass rule is opposed to true liberty; its shortcoming is in the matter of constructive theory. It does, indeed, recognize that the state has some sort of a claim as against the individual. "The collective will and the individual will are coequal." But as to how such coequality is to be maintained and administered—no inconsiderable problem—it says only that each is to be "a wholesome limitation to the other, each gov-

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in the common sense of [illegible]

phasis of the book is on freeing the individual from trammels. Liberty is "a name for certain concrete rights."

It appeals to historic precedent, to reason and experience. Liberty is a cultural achievement. It depends on personal responsibility, on the exercise of intelligence and good taste, on the securing of certain immunities, necessary if individuals are to attain maturity.

The be-all and the end-all is the individual.

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What then is the *tertium quid* of the Constitution? Briefly, it is *collective liberty*, a thing as different from mere individual liberty as it is from the collective democracy of socialism. That Milton ignored it in the "Areopagiticus" is not strange, for he was speaking only of an unwarranted violation of the liberty of the individual—censorship of the press. In other works he is eloquent enough as to the balanced republic. Mill's omission is perhaps to be explained by the fact that he was thinking primarily of the English Constitution, which was already far advanced toward its present state of parliamentary democracy. Mr. Martin's utopian vagueness is more difficult to understand. He is keenly aware of the confusion wrought by the grafting of the Rousseau-Jefferson idea of the beneficent mass upon the Anglo-American concept of liberty; but to that concept he gives recognition only as it affects personal conduct, "cultural achievement." I should perhaps hesitate to urge this if he were alone in such neglect; but it is shared by the very able and rapidly growing school of thinkers to which he belongs, in whom lies the chief hope of the new liberalism. Thus the pseudonymous author of "King Mob" says: "Machine, State, and Nation must exist *solely* for the benefit of the individual."

To explain how and why this is a feeble half-truth may seem to be a descent to platitudes and truisms. I avail myself of Mr. Martin's excuse for quoting page upon page of the most celebrated disquisitions of Milton and Mill. Unless I call in evidence the Constitution of the United States there is grave danger that the simple truth about our concept of liberty will continue to be ignored.

The clearest clue to the theory and content of the Constitution lies in the historic crisis it was framed to meet. Propaganda and slogans are not an invention of the World War, nor are our times the first to fall victim to their evil consequences. The opening passages of the Declaration of Independence were as ably calculated to inspire popular enthusiasm as were those phrases about the self-determination of nations and making the world safe for democracy. All men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights—life, liberty and so forth. Jefferson knew that men are decidedly not created equal; later, in his "Notes on Virginia," he tried to gloss and gloze the phrase. In the way of "truths," nothing is more self-evident than that liberty and life itself are the forfeit of certain crimes against the collective interest. But, as Benjamin Franklin said in a later Revolution—*Ça ira!* The Declaration *went* so long as there was need to call men to arms, and it has since achieved world-wide currency among thinkers of a certain sort. But the Revolution was no sooner won than the ideas it popularized swept the United States of America into a most dangerous backwash. The "liberty" of individuals, and the similarly inspired particularism of the several States, was fast depriving the nation (and with it the very individuals who clung to their "natural rights") of the fruits of their new freedom. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness were far more severely cramped than under King George. As I have shown in another place, Washington had been convinced as a boy fighting the French and Indians that the rights of the colonies could not be maintained without what he called "a general government"—collective control; and many or most of the ideas that went into the Constitution were put there to prevail against the futile and destructive individualism and particularism which his leadership had encountered in the Revolution. After the Revolution what he had so long seen and felt was obvious to all who had eyes to see and minds capable of thought.

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Four defects in the old Constitution of the "Articles" were uppermost in the minds of the Constitutional Convention—the lack of a "general" power of taxation; of a general control of finance and com-

prestige and rights among nations. The country was bankrupt—could not pay arrears of interest on foreign loans or even finance the disbanding of the Army of the Revolution; yet for seven years the States had refused either to pay their just quotas to the general government or to allow it to lay and levy a general impost. Paper money and land banks in the several States had destroyed the circulating medium and wrecked credit; thanks to tariff barriers, States with good ports were levying tribute on the rest of the country, a practice no more oppressive to their neighbors than destructive of their own commercial development. While accepting all the great advantages of the treaty of peace, many States refused to observe unpleasant obligations, with the result that England refused to quit her threatening forts in our West and the control of the Indian trade which should have been ours. And the old Congress had no power to maintain a national army and navy. The result was a general chaos in which all suffered, most of all the unfortunates who had been beguiled by the slogan of equality and natural rights. Individual liberty was not enough. Only by subordination to collective control in these definite respects could anyone escape oppression—realize his possibilities of happiness and rise to his full stature as a free man and an American. The basic and informing idea of the Constitution of 1787 is that the intelligence and virtue of the nation shall be brought to bear on its problems, unpledged by platform promises and untrammeled by any direct influence from the masses. The collective interests of the nation were to be turned over to its collective wisdom.

The fact that Mr. Martin and his fellows overlook the liberty that can come only through collective control may be easily explained. The success of the new national government was so immediate, has been so uniform and so great, that we have long ceased to question or even to appraise it. We cannot see the town for the houses. During the late war it was a Democratic President, an avowed Jeffersonian, who achieved the draft—without remonstrance from his party. If we are amazed to find a thing so near and familiar described by a phrase so portentous as "collective liberty," we are in precisely the same boat with Molière's Monsieur Jourdain, who was amazed to find that all his life he had been speaking prose.

Curiously enough, the thing upon which Mr. Martin and his fellows lay chief stress was no part of the Constitution as written—the Bill of Rights guaranteeing the conventional individual liberties. The great Fathers seem not to have expected that the general government would prove strong enough to endanger liberties which were well established and mainly safeguarded by the laws of the several States. The Amendments were adopted at the instance of the first Congress. There was no real opposition, even from the most reactionary; but it is a fact as significant as it is ironic that the part of the Constitution which Mr. Martin and his fellows regard as the one great essential was demanded and enforced by the Rousseau-Jefferson faction against whom they chiefly declaim. The ideas that render it triumphantly original, epoch-making in the history of liberty, they blandly ignore. Never was there a more ludicrous exhibition of a dog being wagged by his tail.

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It is, of course, true that the problems which agitate them, from the prohibition of drink to the prohibition of war, are of a quite different kind from those which the men of the eighteenth century grappled with and definitively controlled. But it is at least worth an inquiry whether the principle upon which the Fathers proceeded is not, *mutatis mutandis*, still valid and applicable.

In the space at my disposal I cannot rehearse the history of the theory of the balance of orders and interests, its intention and its extension. But the central and vital point may be stated quite simply and recognizably. In the republic which Washington and his fellows conceived, all power originates in the masses and reverts to them in a specified manner on election day and whenever there is question of amending the Constitution. But the actual conduct of government, from day to day and from year to year, is to be in the hands of those who are qualified to rule by virtue of superior experience, ability and public spirit. Power resides with the masses, "the many," but its specific application with "the

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from an electoral college of men chosen as the most able and disinterested, and was transferred to the masses. Likewise the election of Senators has ceased to be "indirect" and "filtered" and has become direct. Most abhorrent of all to Washington and his fellows, political parties, each purporting to give immediate effect to the will of a popular majority, have displaced that "calm and mature consideration" which they advocated, substituting blindly "factional" strife.

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It is generally said that these changes mark failures of the Constitution. Certainly they mark a triumph of the Rousseau-Jefferson dogma over the principle of a representative republic. Yet it is quite as certain that in the eyes of the men who framed the Constitution it would be ourselves who have failed, in that we have substituted mass action and mob psychology for the leadership of able and disinterested men—putting politicians for the most part in the places intended for statesmen. That our effective liberties have thereby suffered is too obvious to be labored; yet Mr. Martin does not even discuss the question. "Liberty," he says, "is a cultural achievement," and in his vision culture is merely a concern of the individual, having nothing to do with the men who should inspire and guide the collective will. If he were himself a victim of the Rousseau-Jefferson dogmas, he could not be more deeply at odds with the basic principle of our constitutional liberty.

Administrative tribunals (which Mr. Martin deprecates and Mr. Thomas regards as inevitable) have resulted from the need of applying wisdom and intelligence to collective concerns which could not otherwise be favorably controlled. They have come as much against the grain of the politician as the Constitution itself. The first Interstate Commerce bill was aptly described in Congress as "a bill no one understands and everybody fears—yet everybody is going to vote for." President Cleveland abhorred the collective control it set on foot as leading to what he called *socialism*—yet he signed it. Nobody saw, and few yet see, the difference between a collective republic and a collective democracy. Yet great as

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has been the horror of entrusting power to administrative tribunals, the increase of such tribunals and of their powers has been far greater. Our railroad and banking systems, our business men and our farmers, have developed abuses against which they and the public alike, both in their national extension, require to be protected; have developed needs which can be satisfied only by the most expert, intelligent, and disinterested national control.

It may be cogently argued that the reason for this need lies in a House controlled by party spirit and disrupted by the personal fears of members facing reelection; in a Senate similarly in obeisance to the uninformed will of constituents, and thus given to buncombe and sensational publicity. Quite conceivably, if Congress were capable of a "consideration" that is calm, mature, and disinterested, it would not feel obliged to delegate powers so vast to non-political experts. That it should be thus capable was certainly the expectation voiced in Washington's Farewell Address. But it must be remembered that the twentieth century is not the eighteenth. The affairs of modern business and social welfare depend upon conditions so multifarious and perplexing that they must be studied on the spot by men who are able to give to them their whole time. In either case, as our legal writers are beginning to see, we have radically revised the Constitution, adding a fourth to the legislative, judicial, and administrative "departments" which it originally set up—the administrative tribunal which, in a form modified and controlled, combines all three. What is by no means so clearly grasped is that the administrative tribunal is not necessarily "socialistic"; as we have developed it, it is at once essential to our collective liberties and precisely in the spirit of the Constitution. Congress and President, whether they felt themselves to be mob-ridden or otherwise incapable, have delegated to disinterested experts a large and important share of their original function. The spirit of collective liberty has groped blindly: government by commission is far too often blundering and vexatious. But the need of it is every day becoming more obvious and imperative.

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Mr. Thomas seems chiefly concerned with the problem of controlling war. The case of the conscientious objector, tyrannized by mass hysteria in wartime, he would doubtless agree to be one for administrative tribunals operating under general statutes enacted by Congress. The barbarous futility and waste of war itself can be controlled only by international agreement and action. How a collective democracy would proceed he does not say. It would make an interesting discussion. The republican method is very aptly illustrated by the crisis of 1787. Under the old Articles of Confederation, the thirteen Sates retained many of the attributes of sovereignty. Armed rebellion in a single Sate (that of Shays in Massachusetts) was an actual and terrifying fact. Washington, among many others, believed that there were "combustibles in every State," and that if things continued as they were going, the union would split into separate confederacies, each liable "to become the sport of European politicks" and eventually to fall again under the dominion of England. Uncontrolled particularism, individual liberty, would eventuate in the old tyranny. Thanks to the Constitution, to collective control, nothing of the kind has happened, with a single exception. The Civil War was mainly due to the fact that the Constitutional Convention did not—probably dared not—make a specific provision against secession.

The problem of war between nations is today in a condition quite similar. But the "catch" as to its solution would seem to be precisely the democratic control which Mr. Thomas advocates. In our thirteen original States there was little or no genuine popular objection to the mutual concessions necessary to secure the blessings of liberty; it was the politicians who made the trouble, inflaming mob psychology to abet their own purposes. Is there any nation today that would not rejoice to be freed from the suffering and waste of war and the burden of armaments—provided only it had faith in the wisdom and integrity of its representative in a league of nations? But every major decision at Geneva must be ironclad against misunderstanding—and, what is more likely, misrepresentation—on the part of a parliamentary opposition which has immediate recourse to the democratic will. If we were a member of such a league, every decision, being in the nature of a treaty, would run the gauntlet of senators whose minds are intent upon the coming election and on front-page publicity. In a collective republic as intended by the Constitution, that would not be the case. If Washington were here today he might well feel that the fault lies with the politicians and their persistent appeal to mass psychology. Not that he was arbitrary, "an aristocrat." In the crisis of 1786 he declared and reiterated that "the people will be right in the end," and that under truly republican institutions they would become increasingly right. But to his mind their righteousness must consist in their general judgment as to men rather than in judgment of specific measures—of which they are necessarily ill-informed if not quite ignorant. They must cease to be told, and to believe, that, as regards such measures, the voice of the people is the voice of God; and they must learn to defer to the authorities they themselves have established.

Mr. Martin's *bête noir* is the prohibition of strong drink. Presumably he would not deny that drunkenness is a great social evil. Presumably also he would admit that, if it is capable of a generally helpful control, the nation would be very far from free which was estopped from attempting it. This is not an *ex-parte* statement. Perhaps I may be permitted to say that personally I have always believed in a liberal consumption of wine and liquor, and have practiced it, in spite of the stupid and mendacious Volstead act, with what I believe to be physical and spiritual profit; that I regard alcoholism as a mental

One of the famous Currier and Ives prints reproduced in "Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives," by Russel Crouse. (Doubleday, Doran.) *See page* 478

or nervous disorder to be dealt with as we deal with other imbecilities. But if men chosen for expert knowledge and disinterested ability—not vote-catching Congressmen—were to declare that prohibition is essential to the higher national good, I cannot see that any "natural" or merely individual right should be held up as a bar. The only condition should be that the individual right should be justly weighed against the collective good and measures taken to safeguard both so far as possible. The rational argument against prohibition as we have it is not that it tries to regulate conduct but that it does so stupidly and arbitrarily, multiplying evil. Such a problem would seem to be peculiarly one of collective liberty and administrative control—by State, by nation, or by both conjointly.

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It would perhaps be too much to say that current discussions of liberty are like "Hamlet" without the Prince. One is reminded rather of an ambitious feminine star who proposed a production of "Romeo and Juliet," excising the rival part of young Montague. Between individual and collective liberty there is, indeed, a tug of cross purposes which it would be stupid enough to ignore. But characteristically, to use a phrase of Oom Paul Kruger's, one hand washes the other. That individual liberty is the right hand may be plausibly contended. Historically it was the later to emerge—like Eve when she was fashioned, by an inspired afterthought, from a rib of the slumbering Adam; yet even so it is the mother of genius, of all the great advances in science, in art and in government. But by the same token collective liberty is the masculine principle, organizing and establishing for the general good what the individual creates—protecting and furthering him, too, in the exercise of his genius. Liberty is, in fact, a twin star: red and green must revolve securely, each in its proper orbit, if we are to have the pure white light.

Rudyard Kipling recently headed a deputation to request the British Government to preserve Hadrian's Wall from decay. The story of the old Roman wall is told in "Puck of Pook's Hill."

Back to the Hand

I'LL TAKE MY STAND. The South and the Agrarian Tradition. By TWELVE SOUTHERNERS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER
Editor, *Sewanee Review*

IN the face of increasing difficulties caused by the industrial invasion of the South, a group of economic protestants (chiefly products of a university whose principal patron was the northern industrialist, Cornelius Vanderbilt) has arisen, repudiating the newest form of carpet-baggism, and, by implication at least, the gospel of those southern reconstructionists of the last generation who exhorted their compatriots to resist a tendency to inertia. What Walter Hines Page called "Mummyism"—resistance by inertia—has at last found its voice in John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson, Allen Tate, and Andrew N. Lytle. These regressive philosophers, skilled in medieval dialectics (especially of Duns Scotus and William of Occam), scathingly demolish the props of industrialism by a destructive scepticism in an effort to exhort the South to return to the ten-acre, one-mule farm.

Mr. Stuart Chase, in analyzing the causes of the present economic crisis, declared that the only way out was by planned production. While this does not reveal paralysis by an expert analyst of industrialism, still there is magnificent courage exhibited by these agrarian Southerners in their *Putsch* against what they conceive to be the already toppling capitalist society on which we have too optimistically depended. This symposium is the most audacious book ever written by Southerners: indeed, some claim might be made for it as the most challenging book published in America since Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." Important as a vigorous declaration of social protest, it is even more important as a prescription for current economic evils. Its earnestness, intelligent treatment of profound questions, its note of determined conviction touched with emotional zeal, will make it an exciting experience for Southerner and non-Southerner alike. The superficial reader may regard it as the swan-song of the Old South; the more excitable reader may suppose that it ma the reopening of the Civil War; but the calr reader will see in it the newest phase of Reconstr tion: the reconstruction of the entire framework ot American society on the basis of an agararian policy suggested by the small farm of the old Middle South.

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Unlike most symposia, it has a certain art in the arrangement of its twelve essays. Beginning with a statement of general principles in compact paragraphs, it proceeds like a prose symphony following the movement of a summer's day. The cock-crow of John Crowe Ransom, "Reconstructed but Unregenerate," sets the key which is taken up by Donald Davidson's "Mirror for Artists," which shows the impossibility of a genuine art in a capitalistic society. Follows the chauvinistic and hysterical "The Irrepressible Conflict," by F. L. Owsley. The middle section of the book bears the heat of the day by its series of essays destroying the philosophy on which modernism rests: on education, on progress, on religion, on political economy. Then follow two rapturous sketches: Andrew Nelson Lytle's "The Hind Tit," which idealizes the peasant of middle Tennessee, and Robert Penn Warren's discussion of the Negro in "The Briar Patch." Then evening, pure and serene: the descent of the sun in J. D. Wade's "The Life and Death of Cousin Lucius"; "William Remington: A Study in Individualism," by Henry Blue Kline; and an exquisite bit of prose, quite the most moving in the book for its nostalgic languors, Stark Young's "Not in Memoriam but in Defense." The various essays, read in the order in which they are printed, produce truly a musical effect, something like Saint-Säen's "Danse Macabre," ending on a note of beauty and peace.

The book rests on these fundamental fallacies: the value of exclusiveness, the essayists' definition of happiness, and their over-simplification of the problem.

All of the writers assume that exclusiveness is a value, though only Mr. Tate (and that in a footnote) is "constrained to point out that . . . the general title of this book . . . emphasizes the fact of exclusiveness rather than its benefits." But the book dismally fails to reveal the benefits of exclusiveness. Then, too, the repetition of the appeal to happiness would have more effect if these metaphysicians could have exercised their scholastic talents in demonstrating the possibility of happiness at all. Whatever happiness may be, it is a consequence which, if made a

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motive for action or restraint, suddenly vanishes: further, it is open to question whether happiness is exclusively confined to any form of human occupation or interest. One is reminded of the trenchant words of Mr. Paul Elmer More last year when, writing to his fellow-humanists, he asked them to consider the futility of their appeal to "happiness."

The third, and most devastating fallacy, is that which may be summed up in the familiar "over-simplification." In the violent essay by Professor Owsley, "The Irrepressible Conflict," this over-simplification of the causes of the Civil War comes out more strongly. One may easily interpret the complex issues of the Civil War, historical and present, in the terms of the dualism between agrarianism and industrialism: that the South fought for agriculture and the North for capitalized industry. But if he does so, he falls victim to the *als ob* fallacy; the fallacy of constructing the truth that one needs, the sort of metaphysics which Mr. Ransom and Mr. Tate rely on for their pragmatic fictions.

A little amateurish reflection will swiftly indicate that agriculture and industrialism are reciprocal and interdependent states: that they are the two ventricles of the heart of western society: that, if one wished to press the matter, one could even more convincingly argue that the whole Southern peasant and planter system was inextricably tissued with industrialism, and that that industrialism was not wholly confined to the North. Cotton became king only after the invention of the cotton gin, and thereafter maintained his reign through the healthy functioning of the industrial system with its factories, cities, ships, railways, banks. Some of the writers of this symposium realize this and propose a remedy in reëstablishing an agrarian policy which antedated the cotton gin while others, like Mr. Stark Young, simply ignore it. The application of this remedy is sentimentally proposed by Mr. Ransom who leaves to the able Mr. Lytle the task of idealizing the Tennessee peasant and to Mr. Allen Tate the responsibility of proposing the method for its attainment through the amiable suggestion of violence.

The more genteel writers, like Messrs. Kline, Wade, and Young, cannot go the whole hog so they hum rhapsodies in blue. But Mr. Lytle does go the whole hog. With some gusto, he pictures the old Southern farmer of middle Tennessee and his idyllic ways of life are summarized in the title of his essay, "The Hind Tit." In 1880, Sidney Lanier could say like a gentleman, "The New South means small farming," which is modernized by Mr. Lytle as: "reconstructed fragments are better than a strange newness which does not belong. It is our own, and if we have to spit in the water-bucket to keep it our own, we had better do it." What Mr. Lytle understands by "our own" is given in his clear statement:

> Any man who grows his own food, kills his own meat, takes wool from his lambs and cotton from his stalks and makes them into clothes, plants corn and hay for his stock, and shoes them at the crossroads blacksmith shop, draws milk and butter from his cows, eggs from his pullets, water from the ground, and fuel from the woodlot, can live in an industrial world without a great deal of cash.

Now, granted the criticism of industrialism which this book offers, that is logical. One might criticize it with the familiar question from Missouri. But a much more pertinent objection arises. Though it goes further back to the roots of the problem in offering a remedy, it simply doesn't go far enough. If we accept the implicit definition of industrialism appearing throughout the book every activity not directly engaged in farming is industrialist "parasitism." When Mr. Lytle's hypothetical farmer calls upon the blacksmith, he recognizes the necessity for at least one of these "parasites." An active fancy could think of others. This is, however, very unsatisfactory: for if we tolerate industrialism in rudimentary forms, where shall we stop? Doubtless, the blacksmith didn't mine the iron for his horseshoes.

Mr. Lytle and his colleagues ought to carry their logic one step further to that individual who, under American conditions, was absolutely independent of the industrial system even in its rudimentary forms: the nomadic pioneer. He would be a much better symbol of a "back to the hand" movement. But that would bring us to Dan'l Boone: and Boone is a symbol of adventure. Did not a distinguished Tennesean recently publish "Adventurous America?" That book brought us face to face with the problem that engages more realistic thinkers in the South: to integrate by hard labor, adventurous experiment, and contingent thinking the forces of industrialism with those of agriculture.

But that is another story: a story which the young Confederates in their romantic zeal for a past that never was have simply not envisaged. If we are to understand human nature as an integral part of nature, then their economic romanticism is a precious illustration of what their leader expansively calls "the infinite and unpredictable and inscrutable variety of nature."

The Color of Truth

VOICELESS INDIA. By GERTRUDE EMERSON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by RABINDRINATH TAGORE

IT is a very hard trial for a western woman to have to spend long lonely months in an environment where most things conspire to hurt the modern taste and standard of living. The author of this book did not choose the comfortable method of picking up information from behind a lavish bureaucratic hospitality, under a revolving electric fan, and in an atmosphere of ready-made official opinions. For the materials of the present book she did not move about among the upper circle of the modern sophisticated India where communication was through her own language and tendencies of mind were not wholly unfamiliar to her. She boldly took it upon herself unaided to enter a region of our life, all but unexplored by the western tourists, which had the one great advantage, in spite of its difficulties, that it offered no other path open to the writer but that of sharing the life of the people. In fact, in this adventure of hers she followed the examples of the true born travelers of that golden age of traveling when the pilgrims across the seas and mountains did not carry with them their own mental and physical habits,—the barricading aloofness of their own race and culture.

And I can easily imagine what the author had to pay for her experience, not in money but in a part of her life itself. The constant toll that a pitiless climate exacts from our vitality for the barest privilege of living, the mean tyrannies of the tropics that often cause desperate discomforts and, what is worse, a perpetual state of subconscious irritation in our mind, are enough provocation for a foreigner to make him unreasonably vengeful in his judgment and language. There is no sign of that in Miss Emerson's writings, not even of a temptation to be supercilliously funny at any awkwardness or the simple village folk among whom she lived. These villages had no allurements of the romantic India, incomprehensibly mystic in her ritualism, or ineffably grand in her relics and ruins. The background of life they had was dull and drab, with no lurid fascination of vice so important for making its detailed descriptions gratifying to some readers in their search for a vicarious enjoyment under the cover of moral indignation. All this has given an opportunity to disclose the personality of the writer herself not only through the intellectual sanity displayed in this book, but what is more precious, in her depth of human sympathy.

She never idealized, not even for the sake of literary flourishes, any aspects of the village life to which she was so intimately close. She never minimized the primitive crudities of its features, things that were stupid, ungainly, superstitious, or even evil in their moral ugliness, but her narration, in spite of its unmitigated truth, never hurts, because all through it runs the gracious touch of the woman, the pure instinct of sympathy which, while it bares and handles the sores, is yet tender to them. And these unfortunate Indian villages, deserted by their own capable men, neglected with scant notice by their politicians, cruelly ignored by their government, dumbly suffering unspeakable miseries, putting all the blame upon their inexorable fate, bent down to the dust by the load of indignities, deprived of education, sanitary or medical help, living upon a pitifully meagre ration of food that has hardly any nutrition, and a scant supply of water full of microbic menace —they need a true woman's heart to give them voice, for they are like children in their utter helplessness disowned by their parents.

What Miss Emerson has discovered concerning the poverty of the Indian village, causing it to sink down under the weight of a land tax too heavy to be borne, has been openly acknowledged, to their credit, by a small band of Indian civilians who have been obliged to administer the system which they saw actually crushing the poor. Sir William Hunter said many years ago: "The Government assessment does not leave enough food to the cultivator to support himself and his family throughout the year," Sir Henry Cotton and Sir William Wedderburn, both high officials, have confessed the same unpalatable truth. More recently still, Mr. C. J. O'Donnell, who held in his own day one of the chief administrative positions in the Government of India, has declared "It makes little difference to three hundred million Indian peasants what the Simon Commission may recommend, but I fear that the ryot will remain 'the most pathetic figure in the British Empire' for 'his masters have ever been unjust to him and Christendom will have one more failure to its discredit.' "

I feel personally grateful to Miss Emerson for the masterly picture she has drawn of our pathetic village life so vivid and yet sober in its color,—the honest color of truth; for I myself had spent some part of my youth in its neighborhood and have made it my mission with all my inadequate individual resources to befriend them who are friendless, who are eternal tenants in an extortionate world having nothing of their own.

A Book for Parents

LIFE IN COLLEGE. By CHRISTIAN GAUSS. New York: Charles Scribner's & Sons. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by CLARENCE W. MENDELL
Dean of Yale College

THE college student is more interesting to the public than the criminal or the captain of industry, to judge by the literature of the day. Just why the general public should be so keen about things collegiate it would be hard to say. Parents of the students, however, are not exactly "general public." Dean Gauss has written a book on college life whose greatest interest is for just these parents. It is they that the Dean had in mind all the while that he was writing.

Most unfortunately, in the very first line of his dedication, he speaks of his own as an unhappy profession. I suppose there is no profession in the world which has not its unhappy moments, but to characterize the profession of Dean as unhappy would seem, at first glance, to be a confession on the part of Mr. Gauss that he had made a cardinal blunder when he joined the ranks. Certainly no one else would admit that he had done so and I doubt whether he would seriously argue the correctness of his adjective.

The unhappy part of such a phrase is that it suggests at the very opening of the book, what many another volume has suggested, that things in the colleges are bad and that the lot of anyone who has to do with them must be unfortunate. Such an assumption is by no means borne out in the book itself. Mr. Gauss finds college boys not very much unlike the run of people in general. What he does do, in splendid style, is to analyze their problem and to point out with shrewd and kindly tolerance not only the difficulties that boys are apt to find in their college courses but also the conditions at home which often make the difficulties greater. The whole book leads up to the last chapter, "An Examination for Parents." If every father had to answer honestly such examination questions as these, "Can you trust your son?" "Do you believe your son is a genius?" "Is your home really a home or is it a hush house or a hospital?" "Do you share any hobbies with your son?" there would certainly be no excuse in the future for calling the profession of Dean unhappy.

This book is one of the few really good books on college life. First, because it is written not only by an expert but by a sympathetic expert, and, secondly, because it rides no hobby. At no point is it sensational, nor does it try to deal humorously with a serious subject. It is a dignified, unexaggerated, and sincere presentation of the keen observations of an honest man. It would be hard to ask for more.

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A Way Out

RESPONSIBLE DRINKING. By ROBERT C. BINKLEY. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN WURTS
Formerly Professor of Law, Yale University.

THE object of law should be to protect rights and redress wrongs. The scientist may labor for truth's sake; but the country that legislates reform in a matter which bears no reasonable relation to the redress of wrongs usurps the prerogative of Deity and is riding for a fall. History proves it.

This is Mr. Binkley's thesis as he leads up to what is perhaps the sanest solution yet offered of a question that is not only vexing the country but is actually arresting the ethos of the American people. It is a clear, dispassionate, businesslike presentation by a broad-minded scholar who is a reformed Prohibitionist.

American legislation is too often enacted without any study into possible disastrous repercussions. The Fifteenth Amendment, which resulted in nullification, and the Acts that drove our vessels from the seven seas and ruined the shipbuilding industry, are familiar examples.

In colonial times the Navigation Acts were unenforceable in America. Smuggling ranked with other commercial enterprises as an eminently respectable, as well as profitable, occupation. Public opinion sided with the smuggler. Attempts to enforce the law broke down. This story has been repeated again and again in the history of our country. Tocqueville saw the system in operation in 1831.

Legislation is, or should be, the visible expression of what has virtually become common law. The Prohibitionists have hitched the cart before the horse. They thought that the Eighteenth Amendment would be the last word on the liquor question. Now they are talking education. Had a common law of abstinence been created by education they might have fostered legislation to rivet reform with some hope of success.

As the situation stands now, the Drys, backed by the bootleggers, the racketeers, and a large part of officialdom—all that vast aggregation that makes illicit profits from Prohibition—stand solid against any concession to the Wets. Nothing must be yielded to expediency. There must be no bowing down in the House of Rimmon. *Fiat Prohibitio et ruat Respublica.* The author is sure that as long as the Amendment stands the fight between the Wets and the Drys will go on to the detriment of internal economics and foreign relations. Even if Prohibition could ever be enforced Repeal would be a ghost that would not down. Nor would any modification of the Volstead Act better this phase of the situation. As long as there is no common ground on which Wets and Drys can meet, each party making some concession to the other, the battle will go on; and we ought to have peace in order that the country may turn undivided attention to matters intrinsically more important.

Professor Binkley reviews the noxious uses and demoralizing effects of the automobile. He says that the indictment of liquor could be applied to the automobile count for count if so desired. Here is one count: "Our sex morals stood up under centuries of liquor, but broke down with two decades of motoring." He concludes that "the kind of statistical method that has been applied to the liquor controversy could do marvels with such material as this"—an observation that will make Yale men chuckle.

The car takes a greater toll of lives than liquor ever did. It is the criminal's opportunity. Both liquor and the car are adapted to noxious and innocent uses. In the one case, the law, by a gradually and carefully worked-out system of measures, has made the automobile as tolerable a means of transportation as any other. But by a headlong piece of legislation liquor was banned and so far the consequences have been worse than the evils sought to be remedied. Prohibition sowed the wind and the country must reap the whirlwind.

The author points out some of the many absurdities of the law and its enforcement. A non-intoxicating drink is mendaciously declared to be intoxicating. The corks, bottles, and kegs intended for wine are subject to confiscation; but the grape-growing industry is subsidized, although it is notorious that the grapes are shipped to all parts of the country for wine making.

Professor Binkley makes what he calls a "modest suggestion" for a remedy of the situation and he indicates how this suggestion could be carried out. But like the dénouement of a novel, this should be left for the reader to discover for himself. It may be said, however, that the Binkley system, if put in force, would make it impossible for the irresponsible drinker to obtain liquor and would not interfere with those capable of self-control.

This book may have been written in all modesty; but it is a noteworthy contribution to a topic which is fast assuming a portentous gravity.

Churchill's Road to Fame

A ROVING COMMISSION: MY EARLY LIFE. By The Rt. Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by J. W. T. MASON

NOT a roving commission, but a series of roving commissions that have taken Mr. Churchill into tight corners in many parts of the world and provided him with an early life of glamorous adventure are vividly related in this latest volume of the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is said that books for children ought to be written to interest primarily adults. Mr. Churchill has made a book that should thrill every normal boy and give a glow to old age as well. Youth can learn history from it and will be fascinated by its account of the way true adventure has led to fame. Between the lines, the ghosts of Horatio Alger and George A. Henty intrude. No better boy's gift exists in current literature. Nor does any better book for adulthood which imagines it was born in a prosaic age.

Cuba, India, Egypt, South Africa, all in troubled times, drew Mr. Churchill, and his eager, courageous, daring personality have done the rest. The account of his escape from the Boers, during the South African war; his description of the battle of Omdurman; his army experiences as a subaltern are but some of the many recitals which prove the youth was father to the man. Never, in all of his troubles, did young Churchill's faith in himself and his self-assurance desert him. Mr. Churchill has always made cocksureness pay: which means that his self-trust has been united with sufficient capacity to produce results. Nobody and nothing have frightened him as a youth nor since. At twenty-four he outmanœuvred Kitchener and earlier and since he has outmanœuvred others of the great, by various expedients which make admirable reading.

Most of us believe the world revolves around ourselves instead of around the sun; but for most of us it is a world that keeps to a fairly definite path. Mr. Churchill is one of the exceptional few. His world revolves around himself; but it is a world having an astonishingly eccentric orbit; and if other planets get in the way, Mr. Churchill collides with them as a normal procedure and continues with no mistrust of his powers to make his own damage good. He is not so sure, however, of others, and he writes:

When I survey this work as a whole I find I have drawn a picture of a vanished age. The character of society, the foundations of politics, the methods of war, the outlook of youth, the scale of values, are all changed, and changed to an extent I should not have believed possible in so short a space without any violent domestic revolution. I cannot pretend to feel that they are in all respects changed for the better. I was a child of the Victorian era. . . . In those days the dominant forces in Great Britain . . . thought they could teach the world the art of government, and the science of economics. They were sure they were supreme at sea and consequently safe at home. They rested, therefore, sedately under the convictions of power and security. Very different is the aspect of these anxious and dubious times. Full allowances for such changes should be made by friendly readers.

But, no allowance is really necessary. Mr. Churchill has not changed nor has the British spirit of seeing facts clearly and readjusting life to meet them. Whatever the environment, Mr. Churchill has always shown the representative capacity of his race to modify conditions. Anyone reading Mr. Churchill's book will admit that times have changed; but the human spirit which reveals itself in Mr. Churchill's pages has not changed. That is the important thing and gives to this volume its major reason for study.

A group of professors and such other notabilities as Thomas Mann, the widow of President Ebert, and Wilhelm Fürtwangler, have risen up in wrath against the suggestion that the chapel of Heidelberg castle be used as a restaurant. An appeal in behalf of the preservation of the castle from desecration has been signed by nearly two hundred of the most prominent personalities in Germany.

Prophet and Soldier

THE LIFE OF MAHOMET. By EMILE DERMENGHEM. Translated from the French by ARABELLA YORKE. New York: The Dial Press. 1930. $5.

THE LIFE OF CHINGIS KHAN. By B. YA. VLADIMIRTSOV. Translated from the Russian by PRINCE D. S. MIRSKY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD LAMB
Author of "The Crusaders"

THE biographer who approaches either Mahomet—as M. Dermenghem transliterates the name—or Chingis Khan—as Professor Vladimirtsov renders the reign-title of the Mongol conqueror—does not find his path smooth before him. The sources for both lives are outside the usual fields of research.

Both men, illiterate themselves, lived among illiterate clansmen. The written records of their careers only began after they themselves were dead. In the case of Chingis Khan, the chronicles have come down to us in Mongolian, in various scripts, Chinese, Syriac, Persian, and even Armenian and Arabic. Few authentic translations of these chronicles have been made. So the biographer must be prepared to venture where few linguists dare tread; he must have all of a surgeon's skill in severing fact from legend—to the medieval Mongols a good legend was more important than any fact—and he must have a judge's intuition in weighing the prejudices of Asiatic chroniclers. In addition he must know the backgrounds of the lives of the great prophet and the mighty soldier, and the temperaments of the peoples who hemmed them in.

For the lives of both have one thing in common. Mahomet created a spiritual empire by his efforts to vindicate himself against his enemies, and Chingis Khan built up a temporal empire by his inflexible determination to subjugate his enemies.

In Mahomet's case the sources lie in the Arab *hadiths*, or spoken tradition handed down for generations. These are often contradictory and usually controversial and to make any headway with the one must know the mental cast of the nomads w waged endless conflict around the black stone of t... Kaaba.

This M. Dermenghem does know, and his book is a succession of colorful scenes of men, animals, and ideas—the veritable *mélange* of chanting, argument, and conflict out of which emerged Islam, which is submission. Submission to the idea of the harassed orphan, whose eloquent tongue proclaimed him a prophet.

M. Dermenghem has drawn his material from the original sources, and weighed his material by the research of modern critics. He has made use of Father Lammens's findings without following the bias of the learned Jesuit. He does not lack an eye for color or detail, and he is intrigued by the domestic scenes in the life of the only mortal who could silence the wrangling of his wives by revelations from Heaven. While his book does not present new findings, and will not take the place of Caetani's or Huart's, for example, it is full and informative and will appeal to those who enjoy that odd corner of the world where truth has always been a matter of argument, and the straight way goes roundabout, and prophets still speak in parables.

* * *

In his study of Chingis Khan Professor Vladimirtsov has taken the Mongol heroic saga for his source, with apparently some additional incidents from the Chinese. With a deft hand he has separated legend from fact, quoting at times, explaining at times. One wishes that he had translated the whole of the saga, which Jeremiah Curtin made shift to do in rather confused detail some years ago. He has presented clearly the clan organization and the character of the Mongol "white-bone" aristocracy. The military aspect of the Kha Khan's extraordinary career is passed over almost in silence, and Professor Vladimirtsov does not seem to have extended his study to the Islamic chronicles.

The result is a half-portrait rather than a complete and definitive work—the influence of Ye Liu Ch'utsai, for instance, is barely mentioned while the interviews with the Taoist monk Ch'ang Ch'un are given in full. His book contains little detail of the exterior scene, and summarizes the episodes in the west. It is a scholar's brief study of a remarkable saga.

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Life at the Front

THE CROSS BEARERS. By A. M. Frey. New York: The Viking Press. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by Mary Lee
Author of "It's a Great War."

ANOTHER man's war book. Like most men's war books, it deals only with life at the front. The long, agonizing period of training, and the still longer, still more agonizing, period of readjustment to peace, which are as much a part of war as the actual fighting, are not touched on at all. One should not, perhaps, blame men for writing exclusively of the front,—even though it does lure youth into a desire for conflict,—for I doubt if there ever was a publisher who did not insist that the proper place for a war book to begin is on the train going to the front lines, and the proper place for it to end is either on the train going to the rear, or at that point where a shell snuffs out that particular hero's life.

The "Cross Bearers" fulfils to perfection the publisher's ideal as to what a war book should be. It is all there: hunger, cold, darkness, mud, lice, vermin, sweaty bodies, filthy dugouts, brief and meaningless episodes with women, shells exploding, human bodies torn to shreds, their pieces dangling, human souls struggling against this shambles that has been forced upon them, coming to the conclusion at the last that the soldier of one army and the soldier of the other army are in the same box,—victims of an insanity that should be cured, but cannot because of the childish imperfection of the human race.

"The Cross Bearers" is a "tin hat" book, and if you have read one "tin hat" book, you have read them all. If you escaped "All Quiet on the Western Front" as I did, then "The Cross Bearers" will do just as well to show you the life of the private in the German Army. If this book had been published on the crest of the wave when the P of Prosperrity was at its largest, it, too, no doubt, would have sold into the millions. And if Remarque's book had been printed in the deep slough of depression, one wonders whether even that would have been a success?

My one "tin hat" book was "Three Soldiers" by Dos Passos,—a first class war book, which happened in the years when the public was still incredulous about war. But the philosophy of war books remains the same: "So inane is the goal of everything military, which is war," says Frey, "that to a certain extent things can only be made tolerable by living a life of complete silliness and stupidity during the intervals of killing." True, and nobly carried out in the last war, on both sides of the line! What matter tapestries and china, Cathedrals to forgotten gods, and *objets d' art*, drinks and women, when you are murdering people each day?

"If, by common consent, in the interests of truth, we were no more to speak of the 'fallen' but only of the 'murdered'—that might eradicate the inclination to wage war," says Mr. Frey's philosopher. Tolstoy said it, years back, in "War and Peace," which still remains the greatest of all war books. "The end and aim of war is murder," he told boys before we began our own war, "the weapons of war are espionage and treachery and the encouragement of treachry, the ruin of the inhabitants, and pillage and robbery . . ., the privileges of the military class, the lack of freedom that is discipline, enforced inactivity, ignorance, rudeness, debauchery, drunkenness. . . ." There was nothing new, then, in our war, except perhaps airplanes, and the use of anesthetics for sawing off legs.

"And what remains of the idea of heroism?" asks one of these modern Germans. "Yes," replies another, "what does remain?"

One feels there might be humor in the original of this book. There is always humor where there are soldiers,—the very young are humorous in their attitude toward life, humorous in their profanity, humorous in their habitual turns of speech. There are laughs in wartime, even in the worst situations. But humor evaporates in translations. One feels an unreality, a stiltedness all the way through. One knows all the time that this isn't the way these soldiers really said it,—that they were more profane, that they were more amusing. It is like looking at a photograph of a painting, in which color is the all important thing.

One truth comes out of all these war books, no matter of which army they are written: the colossal inefficiency, the utter stupidity, the pompous bungling of all military procedure. There is a story in "The Cross Bearers" that is typical of our army, of the German army, of any army. Word comes to the Stretcher Bearer unit that a Colonel is coming to inspect. The Medical Officer in charge of the unit gets into a panic: this bird makes it a hobby to have everything,—corpses, latrines, all that,—sprinkled with lime. There isn't any lime. They haven't been using it. The place where they should have got it requires miles and miles of army paper work in order to procure some,—things can't be done quickly in any army. What are they going to do? They'll be bawled out, they,—A brightly young corporal suggests flour. Flour is scarce,—the German army is well nigh starved by this time. No matter. Their precious supply of flour is brought out, scattered profusely over the corpes and the latrines. The Colonel comes, stamps round, is satisfied, is saluted off. The Stretcher Bearers' stomachs are empty, but the day is saved! "Yankee ingenuity" we should have called that. . . .

And at the last: "I'm done!" cries out the writer-company-clerk-stretcher-bearer hero. "No more, sick or well. I want to tell the truth. I want to say: War and soldiering are the craziest, stupidest, most shameful and degrading things in the whole world."

He tells the truth. Tells it as many another illusion-cured warrior has told it in these two years since the publishers made the decision to turn the truth about war into profit. The truth is here before us, in all its gory details. And here lies the irony of the whole thing: that tin hat books, no matter how disagreeable, no matter how bloody, no matter how disillusioned, only make youth more anxious for a chance to go and fight. For youth is so constituted that it enjoys the proximity of danger, and ignores the possibility of Pain, till pain gets them, too. Never in all history, probably, have so many people read war books as in the past two years. Yet recently the Brazilian Embassy at Washington, Brazilian consulates all over the United States, were bombarded by young Americans, clamoring to join the army. In hordes,—fifty in one day at one consulate,—they waited to get into this "craziest, stupidest, most shameful, most degrading" occupation.

"They didn't care which side they fought on," said a Brazilian official, "They don't even *know* which side *is* which. All they want is a chance to fight!" And to fight quickly, before they grow fat and middle aged, before the time for being a warrior is done.

Travel Diary of a Scientist

THROUGH THE ALIMENTARY CANAL WITH GUN AND CAMERA. By George S. Chappell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by Lawton Mackall

DUE to the fact that I happened to be on Thursday Island at the time and so missed seeing any Sunday newspapers, I knew nothing of the expedition which Admiral Chappell was starting in on. Imagine my surprise, then, at learning from this book that he had not merely gone, but that he had gone and done the duodenum —and survived to travelogue about it!

The unexpectedness of it all increases with the reading. The adventurer has hardly got past the Palatinate "where the Adenoids grow," and rounded the Adam's Apple, when he flies off at a tangent to Epidermis to see what the pores look like from the inside. This is characteristic of him: forever leaving the beaten tract to rush off on some wild heeby-jeeby chase. I don't so much mind his quitting his doughty craft, *The Rubber Duck*, to go paddling around in a corpuscle in order to fish for phagocytes; I accede to his riding through the Aorta in a blimp-like submarine, from the Pumping Station to South Gizzard; I even condone his luring and leaving the "attractive fishermaiden hauling in a net of gastroids": but the sort of things he hints at as going on among the sophisticated set at Hepatica (suburb of Gastritis, the "Scientific City")—some of them right in his palatial Castle on the Bile—well, one should draw the veil somewhere. But Dr. Traprock —I should say Admiral Chappell in this instance—is a realist who stops at nothing when there is something else to go on to; helps himself to all the scope, leeway, and license he wants, whether it is there or not. If certain passages are a bit unpleasantly digestional, rescue always arrives in the form of the sort of line which Mr. Chappell tosses with a mere twist of the wrist. Indeed, this interior Odyssey is well ambushed with laughs, sly ones as well as stomachic —some of them supplied by the illustrator O. Soglow, Canaletto of the occasion.

Scientifically and historically the work is vouched for by Dr. Robert Benchley, the well-known expert on Viscera Behavior, who contributes an introduction stating that, while it is true that he and some fellow students did once, during an Easter vacation, "rush off and poke about in the Alimentary Canal Zone," the real pioneering work, the hard and fancy sledding, was left for Dr. Chappell to accomplish. And Dr. Chapell has accomplished it with more than "Kawa" thoroughness—even as regards fabulous birds and the new and original manner in which they bring eggs into the world.

Sleep and Waking

A WOMAN WITH WHITE EYES. By Mary Borden. New York: Doubleday Doran & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by Basil Davenport

MISS BORDEN, who is the American wife of an Englishman, will be remembered for several novels, "Jane—Our Stranger," "Three Pilgrims and a Tinker," and "Jericho Sands,"—all dealing with the smart sets of England and France, sometimes as they were revealed by contrast with an American. Her earlier books were all extremely readable, were even absorbing, and were a little romanticized. One felt that the colors were very much heightened, and especially that Miss Borden felt the circumstances of her characters' lives more keenly than they would feel them themselves. Surely nobody ever got so much pleasure from his position as Lord Willing, or suffered so much from his position as Lord Moon, his father, in "Jericho Sands." Their emotions, like the blank-verse sentiments of historical dramas, are what ought to be felt, but never is.

The readability and the romanticism are both higher than ever in "A Woman with White Eyes." It is the story of two American women caught up in the life of the fast set that moves between Paris and the English hunting country. They both fall in love, unhappily in the main, though they both tear some joy out of life; they live on, at a terrific expense of physical and emotional energy; in the end one of them dies of the way her life has used her, and the other, her devoted friend, goes back to America, not to her own California but to New England, to think over her life and try to make some sense of it. This manner of telling the story is like that of "Jane—Our Stranger," but carries that method even farther. The narrator's mind ranges over all her life at once; she constantly interrupts the chronological order to anticipate a consequence; she gives the appearance of every incident from two points of view, as it appeared at the time and as it appears in retrospect and perspective. The method is admirably suited to convey an impression of the hurried, confused emotions she describes, to point all significances and underline all episodes.

The romanticism that pervades the whole reaches its height in the figure of Tawaska, the Finn. He is a mysterious figure who crosses the book from time to time; he is a searcher for ultimate truth but, he gives no hint of how it is to be found. He will not encourage the heroine to become his disciple, or tell her in any way how to conduct her mismanaged life; he only says enough to make her dissatisfied, and passes on. It is he who tells her that she is asleep, with only the whites of her eyes showing; but if she struggles out of her unconsciousness, he makes no promise, as religions do, that the waking will be happy. Tawaska interests, but he does not convince; and as he makes more and more of his strange appearances, and adds to certain traits of the Yogi others of the Noble Savage, he loses what conviction he had. He is intended to show the falsity of the life depicted; but he comes nearer, in his exaggeration, to showing a certain falsity in the book.

Nevertheless, this attempt to include a genuine philosophy in her stories is a new departure for Miss Borden, and a promising one. The book has a great deal that is good, and a great deal more that should make it popular. Under all the attempt to make a greater tragedy than there is in the story, lie a real feeling for character and atmosphere, a remarkable ability to move the reader almost against his reason and his will, and some truly brilliant technique.

In celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Emily Dickinson, December 10, 1830, The Jones Library of Amherst, Massachusetts, has issued a Bibliography of the poet's works.

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The Bowling Green

John Mistletoe, XX.

STRATFORD'S bathing place on the Avon was crowded that afternoon. The meadow was parked with bicycles and Baby Austins; the river plentiful with banana skins and orange peel; the launch *George Washington* churned up and down with merry tourists; the muddy shore of the stream was trodden to a treacle; the dressing kennels stank. Just so the banks of the great river of Shakespeare have been trampled into mire by the hooves of commentators. It was a thoroughly human sight, but not alluring, and we fled away to Warwick for dinner. A brilliant cottage garden by the roadside at Longridge did much to cheer us, and we stopped to chat with the ancient who was placidly editing his flowers. Even in Warwick disappointment waited, for the gay Miss Absolom of the Old Bowling Green Inn turned down our application for dinner. They were only serving meals for guests sleeping in the house, she explained. Mistletoe pleaded that he had stayed there (with Mifflin McGill) in 1911, but the old guest books had not been kept so he could not prove it. However Miss Absolom relented far enough to accept a gin-and-ginger, which we drank by the bowling green, and then at her advice went on to the Crown for meat. Coming back to Stratford in the cooler evening the moon was lifting over curious level sheets of mist. Sturdy artisans of Stratford were just being put out of the pub opposite the Birthplace; it was "Time, gentlemen, time." They showed a refreshing skepticism, when asked, as to whether that was where Shakespeare was born. The pilgrims, in a mood of irony, saw the closing shadows of a movie, and studied the George W. Childs fountain in the dark.

It needs a strong idealizing stomach not to be dismayed by Stratford in the tourists' rutting season. The Shakespeare Hotel ("American Bar"), the little china busts, the Hathaway Tea Rooms ("Genuine antiques for sale"), the Hathaway Farm at Shottery ("Mixed Holiday Camp, Army Tents, Town Water, Gas and Sanitation, Paved Dancing Area, Exclusive Postcards"), the communtation tickets admitting to all the association-places at reduced rate, all these seem to take one very far away from that urbane evasive ghost. Even the *Shakespeare Pictorial*, a lively monthly of advertisement, feels the prick of comedy; it observes of itself "This publication is used in the studies of the English classes at the University of Denver. It is a steadying fact." The enthusiastic Garrick, when he wrote (in 1769) his "Ode upon Dedicating a Building, and Erecting a Statue, to Shakespeare, at Stratford upon Avon," hardly knew what he was starting. That was the festival which Boswell (always alert for any kind of hullabaloo) greatly enjoyed, and reproached Dr. Johnson for staying away. Boswell records the "whimsical haberdasher" of Stratford who improved the occasion by selling "Shakespearean ribbands" in bright colors; this was the first of the long line of Stratford tradesmen who have prospered on Prospero. Outside the graveyard the big motor charabancs are lined up. A clear American voice just emerging from the church pleased us with the freakish irrelevance of chance overhearing. "I like her feet, they're so nice and small," he was saying. Perhaps they seemed especially small in comparison with the footprints the visitors had been investigating.

But in the church itself one lays away cheap and easy satirics. There on a bright morning the chancel paving is splashed blue and pink from the colored windows. It was still early and for a while we were alone. I am sorry if you do not in that place feel frost on the spine. There you need not fret over collation of minutiæ. You remember only the great dreamer who, as every artist must, fought for us each; who in his hour carried on undefended heart the burden of all earth. There, if anywhere we can judge of, words became flesh and walked among us. You have to go to Stratford to feel that special twinge, and only the thin-blooded snob will be frightened away by the banana skins and the little china effigies. On the grave was a bundle of heather "from the Shakespeare Club of Leonia, N. J." and a bunch of purple asters with a little paper slip. The stone is inside the chancel rail and has to be read upside-down; we were alone so we stepped softly over the barrier and stood beside the slab itself to verify the inscription. On the paper with the asters was written in strongly Teuton characters "*From a German Shakespeare admirer.*" It seemed to me so important a scrap of paper that I took it with me. If I leave it here, I said to myself, it will presently be cleared away by the sexton. If I take it, I can use it as a permanent memorandum that books are stronger than bayonets.

* * *

Perhaps I shall never see Stratford again. I shall think of it in the colors of that forenoon of hypnotic heat, remembering the bench in the churchyard overlooking the river, the trimly revised garden of New Place grilling in the glow, Cass Gilbert's sun-dial (keeping excellent time) and the rich juice of the mulberries which so prettily symbolize those luscious purple-oozing plays. But I think of Stratford also, as one must, in connection with *The Tempest* into which men have always read allusion to the poet's retirement. Shakespeare himself is the last person I should dream of asking what he meant by that sad and tender fantasy. What we read into it is what makes it important for us, and to the artist it has always offered innumerable suggestions. Probably it came from something deeper than the author's conscious intent, and as D. H. Lawrence magnificently said (in his half-crazed and half-intuitive *Studies in American Literature*) "the proper function of a critic is to save the tale from the artist who created it." We collaborate with Shakespeare in giving *The Tempest* whatever meaning we most need; we save it from being just a masque of "quaint device" for Court amusement, or a footnote on the Virginian voyages. Superb fantasy! as clear as Lake George water; as refreshing as the pool of Siloam.

The island is the solitude of the mind, and Prospero represents Thought, Imaginative Creation of any sort. I like to think of him as a scientist of the Einstein, Jeans or Eddington type; indeed his affection for his mantel reminds me very much of Einstein clinging to the old raincoat which the newspapers have often mentioned. All great scientists instinctively are Shakespeare's kin; Jeans in his noble essay on Cosmogony telling us that the universe "melts away into radiation" is precisely in the Prospero mood. Ariel typifies the magic skill of Art, the stenographer of Thought. Miranda, obviously, symbolizes those tender human ties and weaknesses that prevent the artist from being mere disembodied pensiveness. Caliban, the strong animal impulses—sloth, greed, lust, farce—that the artist must transpose and modulate. The shipload of castaways—who have already annoyed us by their fool behavior during the storm, and become intolerable in their tedious prating once they get on the island—are evidently the necessary but always incomprehending Outside World. Mixed of worthy old counsellors, usurping dukes, treacherous plotters, young lovers, drunken clowns, honest seamen, they offer a fair cross-section of the Audience, the Public.

With these elements and with his Tinker Bell, Ariel, "flaming amazement all over the ship, in every cabin" (have the analogies between *The Tempest* and *Peter Pan* ever occurred to you?) Shakespeare had all that was necessary to portray for us the the full cycle of the life of imagination. We begin to perceive that the storm which opens the play was not just a West Indies hurricane. It was a symbolic tempest; a brain-storm if you will. Shakespeare had been through one semi-circle of the hurricane; he was 46, his great creative period was over (his mind had accelerated faster than most men's.) At the vortex of a hurricane is an area of calm; this he had reached. He was still willing, if necessary, to give the rabble "some vanity of mine art, they expected it from me," but like Professor Jeans's universe he was melting into radiation and knew it. He was abjuring his rough magic, drowning his book, not without bitterness. He was going back to be a Stratford citizen, arguing about the good tangibles of tithes and highway repairs and enclosures. No artist can live forever on the lonely island of his art.

Ariel's taunt to the intruders, "Your swords are now too massy for your strengths," can well be taken, if you wish, as a comment on machine civilization which is overpowered by its own engines, and where our wild play with Nature's forces is our greatest peril. And surely when Prospero says the famous lines

> These our actors,
> As I foretold you, were all spirits and
> Are melted into air, into thin air. . . .
> This insubstantial pageant. . . . We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep,

he is in the very accent of the intuitive mathematicians who have dissolved all our old rule-of-thumb universe by the transition from Euclidean to non-Euclidean geometry. Even his fits of peevishness are what we might well expect from a philosopher who has spent twelve years in close brooding. But he has taught Miranda chess, which (provided she does not play too much better than Ferdinand) will be a great assistance to the happiness of their marriage. The after-life of Ferdinand and Miranda is an irresistible theme to speculate. Mistletoe touched upon it once in some verses—

> Shall we be happy, King and Queen in Naples?
> This sole sea-rounded life is all I know,
> I fear the buzz and burthen of that world. . . .

but who will do me the larger epilogue I fancy? Prospero would be an indulgent grandfather, pampering the children with stories of Caliban and occasional conjuring tricks. Would Miranda, who had known nothing of women, find the ladies of the court easy to get on with? I think she sometimes sighs for the Bermoothes.

* * *

There must have been very human ironies in Shakespeare's last years. He had hardly settled down in Stratford before the town council passed a minute denouncing the drama. "Every third thought shall be my grave," was the magician's retiring resolution, but that still left two-thirds of his thinking for the famous real estate transactions—he who had in fee simple the greatest unreal estate ever created. It is always odd to think of Shakespeare's son-in-law (a Balliol man, Mr. Fripp tells us) as a Puritan churchwarden, devilling parishioners for dozing during sermon or drinking after evening prayer. We would not have these legends otherwise. The greater the personality the wider the ripples of paradox it creates around it.

In the fable, Caliban and the powers of mischief are rather easily outwitted. Prospero forgives them all. What else is there to do? It is forgiving one's self that is hard. The epilogue is humble enough. It had been a tough life, my masters. A man not know the things he has told us without h: trodden some queer byways. But he came to land. There is an almost unnoticeable character in *The Tempest*, Francisco, who has only one real speech. What he says, speaking of a brave swimmer against troubles, is good parable:—

> I saw him beat the surges under him,
> And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
> Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
> The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
> 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
> Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
> To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd
> As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt
> He came alive to land.

It seems, though it is not certain, that he died on his birthday. It would have been like him to do so, thus coming full circle: the roundest circle of human power and paradox that we have known. We have learned that even after a wine has been barrelled it is still en rapport with the vineyard. When next year's flowering comes on the vines, the liquid in the cask stirs and fumes and scintillates in its darkness by some chemical heredity. Those plays and poems have been long in the wood, but they are still sympathetic to their native soil, the old stony vineyard of human yearning. When pure sun or ragged rain beat upon that hillside, the words tremble in their paper storage. How beautifully Virginia Woolf said of him, "thought plunged into a sea of words and came up dripping."

For our own need we borrowed him away from scholars and libraries for a little while, thinking to bring him back to tavern and greenroom where he was most at home. It is time to return him. Much has been said and surmised, little of it that he would recognize. But he would have identified the feeling behind a little casual song written not long after his own time but never printed until lately:—

> So have I seen a silver swan,
> As in a watery looking-glass,
> Viewing her whiter form, and then
> Courting herself with lovely grace:
> As now she doth herself herself admire
> Being at once the fuel and the fire.

"At once the fuel and the fire." Is there any better history of the mind?

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Recent American History

THE GREAT CRUSADE AND AFTER. By PRESTON W. SLOSSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. SLOSSON, whose special field of study is European history, has undertaken to report the social and economic changes in American life in the past sixteen years. It is a rather staggering enterprise. The enormous number of facts to be recorded, the difficulty of synthesizing them until time has helped sift out the significant from the insignificant, the necessity of generalizing on imperfect data, might daunt anyone. When we recall that the authors of "Middletown" filled more than five hundred pages with facts and figures on the recent changes in one American city; when we remember what far-reaching alterations the World War wrought in the texture of American society—then we may well set our expectations low. But in this instance there is no need to do so. Mr. Slosson has written a book that has great immediate value and that will probably wear well. His performance is by no means flawless. But the thoroughness of his book, the interesting flow of editorial comment, the clarity of the presentation, and the skill with which most pitfalls are avoided, commend it to any serious reader.

It is a chronicle rather than a criticism. The author has undertaken to record our war effort, the post-war processes of social and business reconstruction, the changing scene of farm, factory, school, and amusement centre, with adequate explanation but without much appraisal. His judgments are few and cautious. This objectivity of treatment has evident merits; but it also has the drawback that it flattens the whole narrative, and makes for an appearance of general complacency. Thus Mr. Slosson records our prosperity without much effort to discriminate between false and real values, or to count the cost of the prosperity. He could have read J. A. Spender's comment on the subject, in his recent book on America, with profit. He treats of American lawlessness, of changes in ethics, and even of the post-war corruption in Washington, with an evenness of tone, a lack of "edge," that are rather surprising. After all, the social historian is more than a recorder of facts. To bring forward the statistics of racketeering and homicide in the same vein that one brings forward the statistics of tractor-production or rayon-consumption, is to neglect a proper scale of values. Excellent as Mr. Slosson's book is, it would have been still better had it possessed a more critical point of view.

But as a chronicle it has scope, color, and scholarliness. The array of footnote references is an impressive object-lesson in the zeal with which a great body of specialists are constantly accumulating data upon the varied facets of our national life. Mr. Slosson naturally begins with the war, which he treats with special reference first, to the forces which played upon public opinion, and, second, to the economic effort behind the fighting lines. His verdict that the war fever, for all its intensity during one short year, left no deep imprint upon national consciousness, and that the American people will never recall the World War battles with the thrill long associated with the Revolution and Civil War, is no doubt just. Among the problems left by the war he gives special attention to labor troubles caused by the sudden change in living costs, to the conservatism that bred the "red hysteria" of 1919-20, and to the new impulse to criminality and violence. Together with all this he treats, without any clearly evident connection, the alleged apathy of the people in facing political issues after the war. It would seem that this apathy was rather a product of our recent lamented prosperity than any direct sequel of the great conflict.

Prohibition is treated in a cautiously balanced fashion, with gains summed up neatly against apparent losses, and any decision on the merits of the question flatly side-stepped. It is a thorough treatment; we have consumption figures, conviction figures, home-brew and bootlegging figures, and even an account of the changes in diabetic habits and the rise of the drugless drugstore as phenomena connected with prohibition. The author makes no mention of the rapid recent surge of revolt, from Boston to even Senator Jones's Oregon, against the "drys." Some lessening of drunkenness and poverty he believes may be fairly attributed to the eighteenth amendment. The advance of American woman also receives a full and interesting chapter. It is less graphic in its description of the new economic "equality" of women than could be wished, but it is comprehensive. Equal suffrage, the progress of co-education, and laws on women's rights by no means crowd the short skirt, the flapper, and supposed alterations in morals out of the picture. Thirty absorbing pages are given to what is rather unhappily called "the saga" of the motor car. Mr. Slosson draws no important sociological conclusions from his study of the omnipresent automobile, but he does point out its principal effects—those on agriculture, on recreation, on city expansion, and on the unification of national life.

The chapter which comes nearest to the possession of high critical quality is that on "The Cult of Nationalism." Mr. Slosson may or may not be right in declaring that the principal "spiritual phenomenon" of the times (it seems rather unspiritual) is "the remarkable intensification of nationalism." But he certainly brings forward an impressive array of evidences for his assertion. The most lamentable bit of proof is of course the Ku Klux Klan, with its Mer Rouge tragedy and its trail of mire and hatred across politics. The rejection of the League and the abject fear of the World Court long displayed in many quarters were other manifestations of the nationalist cult. In its more rational phases, it brought about the drastic limitation of immigration, which was really overdue and is now regarded with general approbation even by former critics; and it helped inspire a greater national pride, manifested in more attention to American art, American song, and American history and biography. The tariff piracies, the loose talk of "Nordic" superiority, and the self-complacent comparisons recently common between impoverished Europe and prosperous America were all a product of the same spirit. Mr. Slosson does not forget Mayor Thompson and the attacks on "unpatriotic" text-books, though he speaks well of Chicago in other particulars and of the general advance in education.

The book is well worth reading and study. A generation hence, when a more accurate survey of these crowded times can be written, it will still be of value as a contemporaneous view. Naturally, different students of our national life will emphasize different facts, and some will feel that Mr. Slosson has neglected a good deal that he should have mentioned in detail. He says almost nothing about the general "welfare legislation" of the period—the long list of achievements which we connect with such a name as Gov. Smith's. He says next to nothing of our vast technological advance, or of such a growth as the great new chemical industry which has risen since 1914. The expansion of the great public utilities and the heavy shadow cast over politics and part of business by the "power interests" are not discussed. The treatment of magazines gives little hint of the vicissitudes through which those of the better quality have passed and are still passing. The valuable chapter on agriculture and the recession from the farm is not quite as gloomy as many would make it. Economic and financial subjects are often discussed without deep probing. On the other hand, it is astonishing how much the book does contain, accurately stated and in sound proportion, in its 450 pages. Farming, advertising, journalism, vocational education, religious movements, publishing tendencies, the status of the negro, the trend of wages, changes in travel, architecture, household arts—all these and a thousand other topics are here. Without exception, all are readably handled. In its double appeal to students of history and students of present-day affairs, the book deserves a wide circulation.

For Paramours of Print

A BOOK OF THE DAYS FOR 1931. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. Being a Briefcase Packed for His Own Pleasure and Made Into a Calendar for Sundry Paramours of Print. New York: The John Day Co. 1930.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

"PARAMOURS of Print" is good. It is both alliterate and significant. It means people who love letters with a certain lawlessness, with fervor, dash, and gayety, and no tendencious care for consequences, in fact with the supposition that there are not going to be any; people whose relation to books is so personal that it has no relation to conventions, standards, or other people's opinions. It goes further. It means book lovers of disposition so susceptible that anything in print is to them antecedently attractive, presumptively adorable, whom the inevitable disillusions disappoint but never discourage. "Sundry" is also good. It means separate, individual, unclassified people, ungrouped, unfused, and each not quite like anyone else. Paramours of print are usually sundry in their dispositions. At least they should be. If it is merely a herd passion, a vacuum that gulps down the wind, an appetite that devours three newspapers and two detective novels per day—if it is not selectively alert, but a sort of mechanic process—it is more kin to the machinery that printed the book than to the fervor and thought that conceived it. The appetite of Gargantua with the palate of Brillat-Savarin is the enviable combination. It makes for great happiness. It also makes the right compiler of Calendars. For Calendars should be unexpected and inspiring as without a good palate you cannot be inspiring, and without a wide range you cannot be unexpected.

Mr. Morley is that kind of a book lover. His palate can only be appreciated in three-hundred and sixty-five selections, but his absorbent appetite can be illustrated more briefly. The quotations for the 3rd day of the twelve months are from: "The Bartender's Manual"; H. L. Mencken; E. R. Sill; Dr. Johnson's "Prayers and Meditations"; Burroughs; Chekhov's "Note Book"; De la Mare; Hardy; George Herbert; William Penn; John Donne; and Montaigne. For the 10th from: Leigh Hunt; P. H. Chavasse's "Advice to a Wife"; André Gide; Heywood Broun; Sir Kenelm Digby; W. Compton Leith's "Sirenica"; Elizabeth Bibesco; Burroughs' "Journal"; Hobbes's "Leviathan"; Bhikshu's "Buddhist Catechism"; D. H. Lawrence; and "The Prologue" spoken at Drury Lane by Garrick in 1747. For the 19th from: Aristotle; "The Miscellany of a Japanese Priest"; Conrad; Whitman; Katherine Mansfield; Hobbes; "Advertisement in The Hancock" (N. Y.) *Herald;* Hazlitt; Arnold Bennett; Bertrand Russell; Sir Kenelm Digby and Louise Imogen Guiney.

Such a Calendar is a stimulant. There is some kind of a kick in every glass. There is a heartening somewhat even for reviewers: "Jan. 31. Sat. He who first praises a book becomingly, is next in merit to the author. *Walter Savage Landor.*" It is good for the vaguely wandering, unpurposed, and hence dissatisfied reader, for it blazes the beginning of a hundred trails that all lead somewhere. A quotation that sets the waters flowing is better than a whole history of literature which dries them up. You do not make book lovers or paramours of print by telling them what they ought to read, but wherever you rouse a curiosity you may have made one of those fortunate among the sons of men.

Russian Secret Police

THE OCHRANA, The Russian Secret Police. By A. T. VASSILYEV. Edited by RENÉ FÜLÖP-MILLER. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1930.

Reviewed by A. M. NIKOLAIEFF

THE volume under the above title is an account of the last Chief of Police in Czarist Russia, about the functions, methods and work of the "mysterious and dreadful" *Ochrana*, i.e., Secret Political Police. It also contains a description of acts of terrorism, committed by the revolutionaries, and of the coming of the revolution, together with an outline of the rôle played by certain members of the Government, the Duma, and Army leaders in the period preceding the fateful events. Personal experiences of the author, who was arrested after the revolution, kept in prison for six months, and finally left Russia (in 1928 he died "penniless" in a hospital in France), are, likewise, related in the book under review.

The Ochrana, the author admits it, had acquired an evil reputation, and he ascribes the fact to the propaganda of the revolutionaries who "naturally did their utmost to bring discredit upon their bitterest enemy." He set himself the task of proving that such an opinion was not based on facts inasmuch as the Ochrana did its work with correctness and "its measures were always strictly legal." However, it would be difficult to deny that public opinion in Russia, regardless of the revolutionary propaganda, was far from being in sympathy with the methods practiced by the Secret Political Police.

Two measures called forth gave reproaches against that Police, as incompatible with the conception of the liberty of the individual and of justice: the secret censorship of letters in the so called "Black Cabinet," and the use of *administrative* penalties. Although the administrative banishment was "leniently applied" and meant merely that the political offenders "were obliged to reside for a certain period (up to five years) in some locality East of the Urals . . . were permitted to enjoy ordinary social intercourse . . . carry on their trades or professions as they chose . . . and latterly

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were allowed, if they desired, to go abroad instead of going to Siberia" this did not alter the fact that the measure was a form, if the only one, of "extra-judicial punishment."

The gravest reproach, however, against the Ochrana consisted in the charge against it of "provocation" (direct incitement) of political crime. What the former Chief of Police has to say with regard to that accusation is of especial interest. He writes: "If coöperation with secret agents drawn from the ranks of the rebels certainly proved to be an imperative necessity for the Political Police, it is a long step from that to the provocation . . . There was, as a matter of fact, only one mode of justifying that accusation; the enemies of the old régime simply and arbitrarily changed the meaning of the word provocation, and called every one an *agent provocateur* who secrétly supplied us with information."

Thus the practice of "provocation" by the Ochrana is emphatically denied by an authority who may not be charged with "deliberate untruthfulness." One thing, however, must not be left out of consideration: the notorious affair of Azef, who turns out to be a man, playing a double game and "helping to arrange attacks upon Ministers and Grand Dukes," and the assassination of the Premier Stolypin, carried out by a secret agent in employ of the Police, cast a sinister shadow on the Ochrana and tended to create an extremely unfavorable impression of its activities. Such "disastrous faults" of the Ochrana largely contributed to the revolutionary propaganda about provocation.

That the whole system was not in keeping with the European conception of freedom and legality is obvious enough, but that its cruelty and "truly medieval spirit" were greatly exaggerated is equally true.

While the historical value of Vassilyev's book as a document contributing to the knowledge of the Ochrana, "that system about whose working," in the words of Mr. Fülöp-Miller, "the public has till now heard little more than vague rumors and biased accusations," is indisputable—that volume may not be recommended as an objective presentation of the rôle and characteristics of the personages who became known before and during the revolution. To a man firmly convinced, as the author was, that "Russia can prosper . . . only under a Monarchist Government" and who failed to see the dark sides of the old régime those who were in sympathy with a change in the order of things in Russia and played an active part in it appeared as traitors (Gutshkov, Milyukov, Rodzyanko, General Russky), or men who did not do their duty (General Alexeev). Not only is there much sentiment and bias in the passages devoted to those personages, but occasionally they are even charged with acts for which they can not be held responsible. On the other side, the pictures of those who by their inefficiency, ignorance, and criminal negligence brought discredit on the old régime, and thus contributed to the fall of the Empire (Protopopov, Suchomlinov, Kurlov) are not based on all the facts which served to establish their extreme unpopularity. Likewise, his opinion about the so called "hidden powers" (Rasputin and those who used his influence) are at variance with the overwhelming evidence coming from other sources.

Antigone Retranslated

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES. Translated by JOHN JAY CHAPMAN. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $10.

MR. CHAPMAN has chosen this Greek drama to translate on the sound grounds that it is conspicuous among those in which beauty and pathos are dominant over horror. The nobility of Antigone's character and the love between her and Haemon, so powerfully portrayed with so little explicit mention, are elements which make the play appealing to all generations. The translation, as Mr. Chapman frankly confesses in a note at the end, owes much to Jebb's prose rendering, and offers no new light on the text. On the contrary, certain liberties are taken with Sophocles, to which the translator feels himself entitled, and, since he makes a clean breast of the matter, it would be pedantic to quarrel with him. The bulk of the translation is in acceptable but not distinguished blank verse; the choruses are rendered into free verse, except the first and last, which are rhymed; the speeches of the guard are in prose. The total effect is that of a cultured but somewhat casual reading of the great tragedian, the chief value of which is as evidence of the effect of a fine ancient play on a modern of taste who is not a professional classicist. The physical aspect of the book is truly delightful.

Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WE have been reading a good deal of the older poetry lately, running through it rather rapidly and longing to linger here and there; which we shall do some time soon and that not far off either, for it has been borne in upon us how much we have forgotten and how much would refresh us considerably could we gain the time really to sit down with it and let it sink in. This will be merely an expression of our own peculiar opinions, but it may possibly prove interesting as the view of one person who should be supposed, at his comparatively great age, to have reached some proper perspective. Alas, we find that many of our prejudices persist. For instance, we have never in our life been able to read Spenser with any particular enjoyment. When M. Legouis points out to us the rich palette of Spenser we can see that what he says is reasonable; and, having from our youth up been a strong admirer of Keats we fully realize what Keats found in Spenser; but what he derived from Spenser somehow he seems to us to have transformed into something far richer and stranger.

And yet, really, even as we speak we lie somewhat, because we have been thinking solely of "The Faerie Queen" and have forgotten the "Epithalamion" and the "Prothalamion," which are indubitably beautiful. But as for your "Faerie Queenes," we should much rather read Drayton's "Nymphidia," although God knows it is long. Still, you can dip into it almost anywhere and have a jolly time. It is the diminutive of Spenser, and its elfin absurdities are charming. How Chaucer, though, gets better and better! We are a great admirer of Sir Philip Sidney, as a person, but we couldn't read his "Arcadia" if we were shot for it, though we mean to have another go at it sometime, just to see. You may say that it is prose and should not be mentioned here. But that is just the trouble. It is not prose. It is not in verse, but it is no less poetic rhapsody. Well, as to that, we are of the mind of the Dean of St. Paul's. It was all too treacly for John Donne, who, after all, did bloom some "flowers on furze." We should say so! No wonder Browning liked setting his manrake song to music. You can at least get your teeth into Donne, crabbed as he may often be. Even some of his scandalous youthful poetry has a virility that satisfies after too much lush romance. In his youth he was plain speaker enough, and as a matter of fact we like in him all the queerness of much of his imagery. We don't mind it when he compares man and wife to a pair of compasses. What he was trying to get away from was the soft-sawder. And when he does achieve intermittent beauty, the effect of it is all the more striking:

And he that digs it spies
A bracelet of bright hair
about the bone—

We always did admire the lyrics of Sir Thomas Wyatt too. And yet most people pass him by as a mere sonneteer. Wyatt's lyrics and Suckling's have the proper tang to them. They are certainly not nearly as noble as some, but they never lose their peculiar flavor. Scornful or mischievous, reckless or merely teasing, they stand by themselves. And then there are those two very queer poems, one written in a madhouse by Christopher Smart (the tremendous "Song to David"); one scrawled in the sixteenth century, the night before he was beheaded, by Chidiock Tichborne. What organ music in "The Song to David," when with those last verses all the stops are pulled out and the grandeur of the strain sends a shiver up one's spine!

Glorious the sun in mid career;
Glorious the assembled fires appear;
Glorious the comet's train;
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
Glorious the almighty stretched-out arm;
Glorious the enraptured main.

It should be bad, it should be unqualifiedly bad, with all those "Glorious's". And yet it is diametrically the opposite. The words, as one looks at them, seem, in their vibrant energy, almost to leap from the page. And Christopher Smart's lion! Who will ever forget his lion? Or his whale, for that matter:

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eyeball,—like a bastion's mole
His chest against his foes:
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail;
Strong against tide the enormous whale
Emerges as he goes.

The headlong fervor of this mighty poem, so undervalued for years, will never cease to be an almighty mystery. It combines in the most extraordinary way simple, devout expressions with outbursts of wild enthusiasm. You may say that its energy is simple madness, but the more one reads the poem the more one perceives the fundamental architecture. We know nothing about music so we do not know whether it is anything like one of those "mountainous fugues," except that the term attracts us; but in full diapason the climatic verses simply sweep the reader off his feet. And the strange force of taking up, in the first part of the poem, the various qualities of David as though one almost said, (a) Soandso, (b) Soandso, and so on. And those tremendous repetitions, that never grow repetitive but beat upon the mind like hammer-strokes toward the end of the quickening verses.

By comparison, Tichborne's remarkable poem is the thudding of sods upon a coffin, which is exactly what makes it so moving. Strange that a crisis should beget, in a mere striving for expression, exactly the form to convey the precise mood of hopelessness! The middle pauses and the antitheses operate almost to bring again to our ears the very accent of that lost voice of desperate bewilderment:

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung;
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;
My youth is gone, and yet I am but young;
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;
And now I live, and now my life is done.

To our mind this is one of the most terribly moving poems in the language. It is so obviously and utterly sincere. The first line of the third and last verse is the most profound expression of despair we have ever read: "I sought my death, and found it in the womb." The poems offer a striking contrast. There is something abhuman about both, on the one hand Smart's terrific exhilaration, on the other the blank wall and the face of stone. It is a contrast that the Elizabethan dramatists could understand, for they dealt with horror as a blood cousin and their rhetoric was apocalyptic.

It is such things as these in the old poetry that we most delight to find. And for token that there are many more like us and many, many more acute, most of these rare erratic splendors are now between the covers of some anthology or other,—yes, even "Tom O' Bedlam's Song," which was as breathtaking a thing to discover in its day as in our childhood Coleridge's "Christabel," and in our youth Francis Thompson's "The Mistress of Vision." Indeed Thompson added verses to the song of the Bedlamite, though not even his genius could equal the mad genius of the famous

With a heart of furious fancies
Whereof I am commander,
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander;
With a knight of ghosts and shadows,
I summoned am to tourney:
Ten leagues beyond
The wide world's end;
Methinks it is no journey!

The text-books will give you the poets that represented this or innovated that, that illustrate an important tendency or mark an epoch. It is rather the strangely thwarted dramatists and would-be epic poets, like Beddoes and Darley, that fascinate us. Beddoes had it in him to write a tragedy as memorable as one of Webster's. Yet he failed. Darley might have given us something Miltonic. He reaches it in a line, here and there, and falls back from the height. "Nepenthe" is an intensely irritating poem in that it hovers often just on the edge of the splendid or the fabulous and then slides off into the grandiose or the nonsensical. Yet a crazy magic animates it for all that. And so far as prosody goes it is a peculiar thing that the great odd poems of which we have been speaking seem to know nothing of it and yet to possess it wholly.

It is as if a rising rhythm, be it hallelujah or dirge, welled up in the brain till the thought marched to it. And, as a matter of fact, though it is an interesting thing to know metrics, and to be able to compare various effects *after* they have been achieved, we venture to say that, except in the sonnet and the long narrative, hardly any poet of any importance *consciously* chooses the form of his poem. One does not sit down and say to oneself, I wish to write something in a mood of disenchantment; what would be the best cadence? No, the thought is absurd. It is far more likely that the rhythm of a mood first moves in the mind before it finds words in which to clothe itself, that thought has a pulse, a most irregular and intricate pulse sometimes, which evolves form before it has words for the form. This is, of course, a mere speculation. Exactly how the thought that creates literature operates it is impossible to say. This is the sum of so many things. We only know that with certain particularly cherished poets, the thought does evolve, be it only once, some unexpected great thing out of an obscure mental and spiritual agony. With which random remarks we will no longer try your patience for this week.

Russian Short Stories

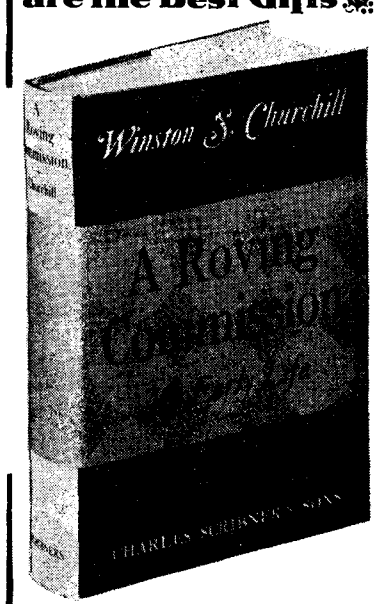
FREAK SHOW. By ANDRÉ SOBOL. Translated by JENNY COVAN. New York: Claude Kandall. 1930. $3.

ALTHOUGH the publisher's jacket to this collection of nine short stories assures us, with characteristic reticence, that the author has "the power of Gorky, the pity of Dostoievsky, the daring of Tolstoy, and the skill of Chekhov," it provides no further information about "André Sobol," and as the reader never heard of him before, he must take his stories, without context, as they come.

Eight of these episodes deal with various aspects of revolutionary Russia and the ninth with a group of European tourists in Capri. From the farcical tale of the Capri tourists—bored, "bourgeois" Westerners, who are fanned to life for a few days by the appearance at their hotel of a supposed Russian, who turns out to have been a young professional English actor—to the the mad savagery of "On the Road"—a hideous yarn of wholesale rape and murder—all the stories are characterized by a more or less tricky and bizarre style, and the evident attempt to startle and shock by literary weapons rather than to say anything which the author feels intensely.

They suggest five-finger exercises in horror and social chaos rather than artistic sincerity or any underlying convictions which the author may have about the revolution or anything else. The Capri story differ little in manner and content from something that might appear in a western magazine, and "The Princess"—the tragic tale of an upper-class Russian girl who wormed herself as a spy into the Tcheka—is another of the episodes that is comparatively straightforward and easy to follow. Several of the other episodes, however, presuppose so much acquaintance with the Bolshevik background and are presented in a manner so involved and bizarre, that the average American reader will be at a loss to know what the author is driving at.

The Best Books are the Best Gifts



A Roving Commission

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author of "The World Crisis," etc.

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A Letter from London

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

THE announcement that the Nobel Prize had been awarded to Sinclair Lewis received a friendly welcome here, where Sinclair Lewis is better known than most of his fellow American novelists. It is not for me to comment on the award, though I will go so far as to say that, if the choice had rested with me, I would have given it to Willa Cather, who is in many respects the most distinguished living representative of American fiction. But—alas!—she is also about the least known in Europe. In English literary circles, the Nobel Prize is not regarded as a very serious affair. How could it be? Only one English author, Kipling, has received it. (Shaw and Yeats are Irishmen.) The giant Hardy never got it. Wells has never had it. When you remember these facts and then think of the people who *have* had the award, you can hardly blame us for not taking this Swedish prize-giving very seriously.

The book trade is supposed to be in a bad way here, but actually we are better off than you are in America. (How do I know this? I know it because I sell the same books in both places and am given accurate figures.) Trade is bad in England, and money is tight, but books have not suffered as much as they might have been expected to do, nor as much as they actually have done in America. At the same time, things are happening all around us that are making it difficult for professional writers, not in the first flight, to make a decent living, and I hear rumors of distress from unexpected quarters. What is the trouble? Bad trade, shortage of money, few new enterprises with big advertising campaigns, a fall in advertising revenue, a consequent cut in rates of payment for serials, short stories, articles, and in Fleet Street salaries. I am told that the cutting in Fleet Street is very severe. The big prices and the big salaries are already things of the past. Publishers, still keenly competitive, are probably still offering generous advance royalties to writers of any talent, but they, too, will be compelled to cut their payments. The big lending libraries, on which the average English novelist depends largely for his livelihood, are about to economize, too. The situation is very serious.

Yet there seem to be more books than ever this Christmas. The Christmas Book Supplements are of a monstrous bulk. It appears as if everything that was ever written has just been reprinted with suitable or unsuitable illustrations. In our two important Sunday papers, the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*, the publishers have taken to inserting full-page advertisements. It's a lunatic world.

The recent appeal for Sir William Watson, the poet, raises the question of what can be done to help the poet in this new democratic world. Watson is not a great poet, but he is a good poet, yet it has been necessary to issue this appeal. The fact is, that since the disappearance of the patron in literature, poets have been in a queer position. It is always possible for a few of them, such as Tennyson, Kipling, or Yeats, to establish themselves as successful professional men of letters. But these must always be the exceptions. Many poets in England have been able to devote themselves to their poetry simply because they happened to have private incomes—e. g., Browning and Swinburne. But you cannot guarantee that a poet will have a private income. Some poets, such as Masefield and De la Mare, are fortunate in being able to write prose tales. Others of my acquaintance hack away at reviewing, editing, and the like, for their bread and butter, but unless they happen to be versatile and industrious fellows, that double life can be a miserable existence. (Remember John Davidson, who committed suicide, worn out by his unsuccessful attempts to earn a living with his pen?) What is the solution? Well, it seems to me that when a man has arrived at middle age, is accepted as a poet of distinction, and cannot readily earn a decent living, an attempt should be made to provide him with a post that will give him ample opportunity of writing, but at the same time will not leave him a mere pensionary. There should be some half-sinecure public posts for poets, as librarians, curators of museums, and the like. In the time of Gay and Prior, it was possible to get an easy Civil Service job for life simply by addressing a few witty lines to the right quarter. We cannot return to those days, but nevertheless it ought to be possible to make a poet secure by turning him into a dignified public servant—and yet leave him a poet.

Here are some books, published here recently, that stand out from the mass. "Last and First Men," by W. Olaf Stapledon, a first book of very unusual merit, of a kind that always appeals to me. It is a fantastic-prophetic history, dealing with the life of mankind, on this planet and afterwards on Venus and Neptune, during the next two thousand million years. It begins rather badly, but very quickly improves, and by the time you come to the last chapter, the author has you in thrall. He combines the scientific temper with real imaginative power, and the result is something quite wild and yet extraordinarily convincing and moving. Of all the books I have read this autumn, I think this one has haunted me most. Read it. E. M. Delafield's "Diary of a Provincial Lady" is great fun, a sort of genteel and feminine counterpart to that classic, "The Diary of a Nobody." It has all its author's close observation and keen humor in it, and is a perfect picture of a certain sort of English life. If any of you wish to read the political and social history of England, during the period 1880-1922, get hold of Gretton's "Modern History," originally in three volumes, but now published in one volume. And if America has anybody half as good as Gretton, if anybody has done the same thing for the United States for the same period, I wish one of you would send me the book as a Christmas present. The best piece of earlier history this season is undoubtedly G. M. Trevelyan's "Blenheim," a worthy continuation of his great-uncle Macaulay's history. The best autobiography is Winston Churchill's "Early Life," which roars and sparkles like a dynamo. And from the multitude of recent anthologies I select Humbert Wolfe's "Winter Miscellany," a most companionable, though frosty, volume.

Foreign Notes

THE extraordinary collection known as the Welf treasure, once housed in Brunswick cathedral, Germany, and now in exile, has fortunately not as yet been dispersed. Whatever may be its future fate, it will at least remain intact within the pages of the sumptuous volume entitled "Der Welfenschatz," published by the Frankfurter Verlags-Anstalt, and edited by Otto von Falke, Robert Schmidt, and Georg Swarzenski. The catalogue contains many beautiful illustrations.

The thirteenth volume of the Histoire Générale, edited by Halphen and Sagnac (Paris: Alcan), has recently appeared under the title, "La Révolution Française." It covers the period of the Revolution and the Revolutionary Wars from 1789 to 1799, and is by Georges Lefebvre, Raymond Guyot, and Philippe Sagnac.

For the past twenty years and more, ever since they were made available, the first Verney letters have been used as a source of information about the social life of the seventeenth century. Now Margaret Maria Lady Verney, who was part editor and subsequent reviser of the original set, has brought out two more volumes of the Verney correspondence. More than half of the new letters belong to the years 1696 to 1717, that is, to the lifetime of the second baronet whom Queen Anne made Lord Fermanagh, and the correspondence continues down to 1756 when Ralph, second Lord Fermanagh and first Earl Verney, died. The first part contains the richer material, and that which has had to rely least upon editing.

In his two volume "Il Settecento," recently issued by Vallardi in Milan, Professor Giulio Natali has furnished a comprehensive, scholarly, and illuminating survey of the Italian eighteenth century. The work displays the profoundest erudition together with the most exacting accuracy, and contains much penetrating discussion as well as many vigorous biographical sketches. At the end of each chapter is a well-arranged bibliography.

The publishers Mondadori of Milan have recently issued the third volume of Gulielmo Ferrero's latest romance, which began in "Le Due Verita" and is continued in "Rivolta del Figlio" and "Sudore e Sangue."

To his trilogy of the sea which was inaugurated by "Las Inquietudes de Shanti Andía" Pio Baroja has recently added two volumes, "Los Pilotos de Altura," dated October, 1929, and its second part, "La Estrella del Capitan Chimista," dated January, 1930. These new novels are of a less regional character than were the first two.

Points of View

"Unhappy Wind"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

It is not my custom to reply to criticism of my books. Assuredly I have no wish to quarrel with the anonymous reviewer of "Unhappy Wind" in your issue of November 1 for his conviction that I am an inadequate novelist.

I am old-fashioned enough, however, to feel an objection to inaccurate representation of the contents of a book, especially if such inaccuracy is used as a basis for conclusions by the reviewer. Your reviewer states that the central character of "Unhappy Wind" "has been brought up in a not very religious Congregational family, but he turns Anglican." Subsequently the reviewer asks the question: "Does he [the author] think his hero's conversion typical?" That the central character of the book was not brought up in a Congregational family but in a conventional Episcopalian family, is obvious to anyone who does more than glance through the novel. The youth merely changed from a moderate to an Anglo-Catholic parish. The only reference to the Congregationalists is a mention on page 261 of Winfrid's having been baptized in infancy by a Congregational minister; from the time at which the story opens, his family are connected with a parish designated as St. Paul's. In view of this, is it not asking too much of the author that he should express his views on conversion from Congregational to Anglican faith and practice?

Your reviewer also mentions "quotations from the pre-Raphaelites (who are quoted freely, but not always accurately)." No pre-Raphaelite is quoted anywhere in the book except William Morris, and the several quotations from him follow, except for certain alterations in punctuation, the twenty-four volume "Collected Works of William Morris," edited by his daughter (London, 1910-1915). As to quotations from the Psalms, Thomas à Kempis, and John Bunyan—that perhaps the reviewer confused with the pre-Raphaelites—it may relieve his mind to know that these quotations are likewise from editions recognized as standard.

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD.

Topeka, Kansas.

"Perpend"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

Mr. Christopher Morley pops a spitball in "Round the Mulberry Bush" at those who doubt that a man born in Stratford wrote the plays of Shakespeare.

I fear I should embarrass Mr. Morley if I asked him to prove that "Shakespeare's grave was dug seventeen feet deep," or that the signatures on the will are the writing of the author.

So I shall just smile and not even murmur, "Ne sutar ultra crepidam."

Nothing seems to please the arrived or the affluent *littérateurs* so much as their assumed right to scoff at doubters. Yet doubters are useful in a way. And as Mr. Morley said years ago, "Perpend": Doctor A. S. W. Rosenbach, author of "Books and Bidders," heads chapter four, "Some Literary Forgeries" and reveals that forgeries ranged from common, or perhaps accidental, to, as in the case of George Washington's letters, "deliberate forgeries." Then in chapter five Doctor Rosenbach tells that an eminent scholar, famous for outstanding discoveries in early English literature, sold him Edmund Spenser's own copy of "The Faerie Queene," which the poet had presented to Elizabeth Boyle in 1590, and in which he had inscribed Sonnet No. 1 of "Amoretti." Dr. Rosenbach states: "The Amoretti was not published until five years later, in 1595."

Ponsonby, publisher of "Amoretti and Epithalamion," 1595, treats them as a sequence in his Epistle Dedicatory. Sonnets one, two and three are linked as fitly and appropriately as any others in the set.

Professor Herbert E. Cory's study, "Edmund Spenser," quotes Professor John Erskine: ". . . taking the sonnets as a whole, the critic must find in them the truest sequence of the decade."

Crowell's "Memoir of Edmund Spenser" tells us: "Spenser returned to England in 1590 and 'The Faerie Queene' was published. Returned to Kilcolman, Spenser wrote 'Colin Clout,' declaring undying love for Rosalind. Alas for man's constancy. A year after this Spenser had seen and fallen in love with his Elizabeth, and wrote of her, and for her, his Amoretti or Sonnets."

On page 150, "Books and Bidders," is a photograph of the inscription in the Doctor's copy of "The Faerie Queene." Here is Sonnet 1 as printed in 1595.

Happy ye leaves when as those lilly hands,
which hold my life in their dead doing might,
Shall handle you and hold in love's soft bands,
lyke captives trembling at the victor's fight.

And happy lines, on which with starry light
those lamping eyes will deign sometimes to look
and reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
written with teares in harts close bleeding book.

And happy rymes bath'd in the sacred brooke,
of Helicon whence she derived is,
when ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
my soules long lacked foode, my heaven's blis.

Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,
whom if ye please, I care for other none.

On page 149, "Books and Bidders," Dr. Rosenbach gives the first quatrain:

Happy ye leaves when as those lilly Hands
What houlds my life in hir dead-doing might,
Shall handle you and hold in Love's swete bandes
Like captives trembling at ye victors sight.

Anyone interested enough to compare the Doctor's translation with his own photo facsimile, and the sonnet as printed, might become interested enough to join the doubters.

My thought is that the inscription was inspired by the Sonnet. And inscribed to sell "The Faerie Queene."

GEORGE G. FRISBEE.

2398 Bryant Street,
San Francisco.

And Yet Again Huxley

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Your pardon for reopening the subject of Poe's vulgarity, but I am astonished that so many should rush to defend a poet who "needs no defense."

"Was Edgar Allan Poe a major poet"? I never thought so and I quite concur with Mr. Huxley's reasons why he was not.

Reading Mr. Huxley's essay I was sent searching Arthur Machen's book "The Hill of Dreams" for a paragraph concerning Poe. I found it in Chapter V and it says in a few words all it took Mr. Huxley several columns to say. It follows: "He had long busied himself with those curious researches which Poe has indicated in the Philosophy of Composition, and many hours had been spent in analyzing the singular effects which may be produced by the sound and resonance of words. But he had been struck by the thought that in the finest literature there were more subtle tones than the loud and insistent music of 'never more' and he endeavoured to find the secret of those pages and sentences which spoke, less directly, and less obviously, to the soul rather than to the ear, being filled with a certain grave melody and the sensation of singing voices. It was admirable, no doubt, to write phrases that showed at a glance their designed rhythm, and rang with sonorous words, but he dreamed of a prose in which the music should be less explicit, of neumes rather than notes."

HARRY P. BODLEY.

Allenwood, Pa.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Your reviewer in his excellent criticism of Siegfried Sassoon's "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer" surely makes a mistake when he writes: "Thus the very interesting climax, where the teller of the story . . . presents to his colonel a flagrant anti-war statement and demands arrest, is entirely consistent with the Siegfried *motif* . . . though evidently it is not autobiographical." Because that is exactly what it is, and the David of the latter half of the book is Robert Graves, author of "Goodbye to all That," which is a very frank autobiography and in which the whole Sassoon affair, ending with his being sent to a hospital for diseases of the nerves, is described in detail. As far as I can see "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer" is autobiography pure and simple.

HERMINE HALLAM HIPWELL.

San Isidro, Argentina.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

LOTUS PETALS. By PRINCESS DER LING. Dodd, Mead. 1930. $3.50.

This book is a collection of short articles. Hardly could you call them Lotus Petals for lotus petals are alike in their delicate texture and coloring and this somewhat hastily thrown together collection is not all of such delicacy. There is one chapter entitled "Was Kipling Right?" which is a harsh and rasping criticism. The anecdotes the author allows herself to tell seem to us to partake not a little the spirit of gossip abroad in most of the capitols of the world. The pin pricks of social gatherings seem hardly worth while setting down and prove nothing one way or the other.

The book as a whole impresses one as a hasty rushing into print without careful consideration of details of good taste and accuracy. On matters of accuracy perhaps it is unnecessary for us to point out that banditry did not start in China, as the author Mrs. T. C. White says, with the entrance of the West. Any Chinese history shows one that Chinese banditry is of no western make. Hardly, either, will history uphold her in her statement that "The West has not cared to come half way (in friendship) and China is faced with making the entire journey herself." There occur to our mind many gracious acts of friendship on the part of America and other countries. The building of the great Rockefeller Institute in Peking, for instance. We wonder if the author has quite realized what she has said. Her own reception in America would hardly bear her statement out.

Biography

THE PROPHET OF SAN FRANCISCO. Personal Memories and Interpretations of Henry George. By LOUIS F. POST. Vanguard Press. 1930. $3.

Since the detailed and well-written biography of Henry George by his son suffers somewhat from being a family portrait, there is a distinct place for this volume by one of George's principal disciples. The book stands somewhere between a formal life and a budget of personal recollections. The late Mr. Post became a convert to the single-tax doctrine early in the 'eighties, when editing in New York a daily penny paper called *Truth*; he met George in 1882, and instantly became the most devoted of friends. These chapters are frankly the work of a warm admirer, who believed that George was one of the ablest thinkers of modern times and one of the best men who ever trod the earth. He confesses that the "Prophet of San Francisco," as the Duke of Argyll called him, made practical mistakes. One of his errors was to run for mayor of New York in 1897; he killed himself by the effort, whereas if he had lived he might have finished his book on "Political Economy," and impressed his ideas more deeply on his time. But Mr. Post regards this as a characteristic bit of self-sacrifice.

On a number of points Mr. Post really adds to the elucidation of George's career. He emphasizes the fact that George was never sympathetic with attempts to set up a permanent organization in behalf of his doctrine, believing that such organizations tended to prejudice the public mind. He shows that Henry George's "message" passed through three phases, and that George was impatient of the first two. There was a literary phase, when various progressives of high culture tried to take up George as an ordinary workingman who had evinced literary genius. This was followed by a labor phase, when labor leaders and labor organizations tried to capture George for the benefit of their demands for shorter hours and higher wages. Finally there emerged the distinct single-tax phase, which really met Henry George's ideal of a movement for human rights. Mr. Post states that at first George preferred to call his cause "the free soil cause," but he proves by quotations from the weekly *Standard* that it was George who originated the name "single tax." There is a wealth of material upon these pages upon George's personal qualities and tastes. His lack of system and dependence upon inspiration; his habit of reading whatever he wrote to some workingman to see if it were simple and understandable; his tremendous industry—all this is illustrated by anecdotes, often entertaining. The book is rounded out with some propagandist chapters upon the single-tax doctrine.

THE LIFE STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By *John D. Long*. Revell.

Drama

FIRST PLAYS. By A. A. MILNE. Knopf. 1930. $2.

Since Mr. Milne's "First Plays" may serve a purpose, we should feel a little ashamed of ourselves if we said they weren't worth publishing. Some of these plays might serve an amateur group with limited histrionic resources. They present nice people and generally are better than the stuff that is handed amateur groups. But Mr. Milne does say in his preface that these are "only" first plays, and certainly too many things are published with just that shrug of the author's shoulders. Mr. Milne also says that he writes plays (or at least these) for fun. So if we treated this culpable business of "only first plays" with the severity which it deserved, we perhaps shouldn't really feel ashamed and feel that we ought to make some apology to Mr. Milne's already manifest talent.

In the aforementioned preface Mr. Milne plays an intensely distasteful game of peek-a-boo with the reviewer. He hopes some reviewer will do him (Mr. Milne) the kindness to agree that "The Lucky One" is the best play in the book, but he sees no reason why he (the reviewer) should trouble himself. Well, "The Lucky One" *isn't* the best play in the book. With the exception of "Wurzel-Flummery" which is as bad as its name, "The Lucky One" is probably the *worst* in the book. Potentially, however, (we are over our ill-humor at Mr. Milne's whimsical preface) "The Lucky One" is not only the best play in the book, but the best play Milne ever wrote that we know of. It is strained and false because of technical inexperience, but when the material gets really out of hand, as it does in the last scene between the two brothers, the result is something incomparably superior to all the subtle tears of "The Dover Road." Read "The Lucky One" and regret that Mr. Milne is so notoriously happy. But we warn you, it's a very bad play and the plays of his which you know are very good ones.

The book contains two one-acts plays: "Wurzel-Flummery" (whimsy God forbid!) and "The Boy Comes Home" (not bad, but neither is it too good); two three-act plays: "The Lucky One" and "Belinda," an excellent, arbitrary little fantasy; and "The Red Feathers," an "operetta" in one act. They were all written in the years 1916 and 1917. Mr. Milne joins the full ranks of those writers who, even at maturity, can't suppress an admiration for their juvenilia.

Fiction

THE SHADOW. By H. BEDFORD-JONES. Fiction League. 1930. 50 cents.

Beginning with a sudden violent death by night in a San Francisco street, the action of this cyclonic adventure tale soon shifts the chief characters to a desert region of Lower California. There, in the isolated settlement adjacent to the great Ysabel silver mine, and in the surrounding wilderness, the heiress to the property and her loyal retainers fight a horde of bloodthirsty banditti for possession of her inherited riches. The ensuing carnage is prodigious, and seems to have been laid on so inordinately thick to obscure the essential mediocrity of the plot. Nevertheless, the intense rapidity of incident and conflict never flags, and none but a crabbed reader could claim that the book does not give the fullest value for the small price asked.

WHEN PEACE COMES. By FRANK O'CONNELL. Burton Publishing Co. 1930. $2.

Here is another variation on the familiar theme of the returned soldier's struggle to rehabilitate himself in the aftermath of peace, but the story is so crudely constructed, so amateurish in the writing, so crammed with bathos as to bar it from comparison with the numerous notable novels which have dealt more competently with this same tragic theme. Young John Blackeman, embryonic lawyer and late infantry captain, comes back to his home city in the Middle West a decorated hero, tuberculous from gas, and dependent solely upon his own meager resources for making a new start in civilian life. The tale of his heartbreaking suffering and misfortunes—though he does his honest, idealistic utmost to succeed in every endeavor to which he turns his hand—follows the long agony of his losing battle until at last, ten years after the armistice, his tormented soul passes to its celestial reward. The author's seriousness of purpose is more conspicuously evident than are his qualifications for assuming the rôle of novelist.

REPENTANCE AT LEISURE. By OLIVE MOORE. Harpers. 1930. $2.

This is a first novel, if indeed it can properly be called a novel, but there is nothing amateurish about it, nor, as the publisher truly points out, any uncertainty in the technique. The author, on the contrary, seems to be absolutely confident of what she wants to do and does it without a faltering step. Whether the reader will appreciate, or even understand it, is another matter. It is a weird conception, and granting that it was worth doing at all, it is well done.

Briefly, the story is of the workings of the mind of a woman with a strong father fixation who, finding herself with child, gradually develops an early resentment of pregnancy into a fixed desire to give birth to a child that shall somehow be different from the rest of the human race—something altogether new in children. Her son is born different in that, though well-formed, he is crippled and imbecile, and the rest of the book is the mental history of the woman's twenty-year expiation of the hysteria of her pregnancy on an island near Capri, where she lives with the child, growing in mysterious horror of him with his growth. Her expiation ends, for no very apparent reason, with the news that her husband has died and she has inherited his wealth. She returns to England, leaving the child, now a man, on the island, obtains some mysterious consolation from seeing in a gallery the portrait of herself and the child done years ago by a German artist with whom there had once been the flickering of a brief romance, and indicates that her late husband's estate is to become a home for slum children.

Presumably by way of emphasizing the unusual quality of this strange tale, the publishers have put it in a jacket of shiny silver paper, which catches the light and annoys the reader, and have spelt the title and author and some of the proper names in the text without capitals.

STORIES by *Katherine Mansfield*. Selected by *J. Middleton Murry*. Knopf. $5.

THE THREE BLACK PENNYS. By *Joseph Hergesheimer*. Knopf. $5.

MR. BOCCACCIO OF BROADWAY. By *Kenneth MacAlpin*. Chicago: New Publishing Co. $2.

THE STING OF THE WHIP. By *C. C.* and *E. M. Mott*. London. Allen & Unwin.

WOOD SANCTUARY By *W. E. Francis* and *Margaret Blundell*. London: Allen & Unwin.

GO WEST YOUNG MAN, GO WEST. By *Magnus Pike*. Graphic.

THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE. By *John L. Spivak*. Brewer & Warren. $3.50.

WHEN PEACE COMES. By *Frank O'Connell-Burton*. $2.

GREAT ENGLISH SHORT STORIES. Edited by *Lewis Melville* and *Reginald Hargreaves*. Viking. $5.

NEW TAVERN TALES. By *Robert D. Abrahams*. Heale.

LORDS OF THE HOUSETOPS. By *Carl Van Vechten*. Knopf. $1.

THE THREE STUDENTS. By *Haldane Macfall*. Knopf. $1.

FORTITUDE. By *Hugh Walpole*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

THE TWO DECANTERS. By *Duncan Clark, M. D.* Graphic.

A MODERN GALAXY. Edited by *Dale Warren*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

KIDNAPPED. By *R. L. Stevenson*. Oxford.

IMPRESSION. By *Carmea L. Kesting*. Kansas City: Burton. $2.

History

STUDIES IN THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE. By HEBERT M. VAUGHAN. Dutton. 1930. $4.

The purely historical and biographical parts of this book are conducted with the thoroughness and urbanity of the best English academic tradition. The literary method is on the whole that of understatement, letting carefully chosen and skilfully arranged facts speak for themselves. Amid much florid writing devoted to the subject Mr. Vaughan's book is a refreshing exception for its sound and delicate judgment.

The chapter headings will sufficiently suggest the scope of the survey: The Medici of Florence; The Medici Popes Leo X and Clement VII; The House of Borgia; Savonarola; Machiavelli, Caterina Sforza. In this roster the author finds neither absolute heroes nor unqualified monsters, but variously explicable human beings. In all the above one feels that the author has diligently and perceptively consulted the original sources, and writes from abundance of knowledge.

Under Art we have Benvenuto Cellini; The Connection between Art and History during the Italian Renaissance; Leonardo da Vinci; Michelangelo and the Sistine Chapel; Raphael at the Vatican; Fra Angelico. Here one feels a remoter contact with the sources and a second-hand quality. There are errors and misconceptions which show misunderstanding of encyclopedic texts. For example, contrary to the author's statement, there is a more than plausible bust of Machiavelli, in the Bargello, if we remember rightly. If not, in the Loeser collection at Florence, while of Leonardo we have an admirable portrait drawing by his own hand at Turin. For the rest, the chapters on the arts are conducted adequately if without much orginality. The substantial value of this excellent book lies in the strictly historical portion.

Miscellaneous

HOMES OF THE CAVALIERS. By KATHERINE SCARBOROUGH. Macmillan. 1930.

There has arisen during the past few years a very strong interest in all things pertaining to the pre-Revolutionary history of the United States and a very determined desire to preserve whatever remains of the culture of that period. This is evidenced by the enormous prices paid at book auctions for insignificant items of Americana, by the steady increase in value of early American landscape paintings and portraits, even when these have only the slightest possible claim to art, and, more than in any other field, in the finest products of our early civilization the dwellings of the period. Within the last few years every museum of importance in the United States has introduced an "American Wing." Many of our old houses have been purchased by local historical societies, carefully restored, and filled with a collection of furniture and domestic utensils appropriate to them. One entire town, Williamsburg, is being restored and rebuilt to its condition in late pre-Revolutionary times.

The architects have, for a long time been interested in the lovely and delicate art of building in Colonial days without caring very much about the economic conditions which caused the flowering of this admirable school of architecture, and the genealogists have been delving more and more i[illegible] family histories of the people wh[illegible] these houses without any particular [illegible] in their buildings. This book of K[illegible] Scarborough's, "Homes of the Cavaliers," has viewed the culture of the time, both from the point of view of its physical manifestation in building and its interesting historical and genealogical side. It is an unpretentious piece of work, but not the less admirable therefore, and a very considerable amount of research (at least broad if not profound) has gone into its making. The

(Continued on page 477)

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Winter Night

By Mary Hume Mills

THE moon shone in on the nursery floor,—
I had never seen it so bright before.

The nursery chairs stood straight and black,
The toys seemed frozen in their track,

And everything was still as still,
But the frosty wind across the sill.

I didn't whisper, I didn't stir,
Nor snuggle under the comforter,

But stared and stared where the moon-beams lay
On the nursery floor, as bright as day!

Reviews

THE SHEPHERD AND THE DRAGON. By Bozena Nemcova. Translated by Eleanor Ledbetter. New York: Robert M. McBride. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by Eric P. Kelly
Author of "The Blacksmith of Vilno."

THERE's a whole new world of adventure, new emotions, new experiences in this book. I cannot recommend it too highly. For those who like real fairy tales, folk tales, stories of magic, it is on the same plane as Jacob's "Old English Fairy Tales," or Lang's "Red Fairy Book." The folk-tale makes the very best fairy tale anyway, and these have all the virtue that goes with folk-lore. George Borrow once translated some folk-tales from many lands, and gypsy or Tsigan that he was, managed to keep the original flavor and feeling.

Mrs. Ledbetter in like fashion has brought to American readers the charm of Czechoslovakia. And she knows her subject thoroughly, language, background, customs, and manners. In addition she has lived among Slav people and has added much to social betterment in two Slav nations as two government decorations will testify. In dealing with this subject it is not the case of a writer filling a summer vacation notebook with impressions and then jotting them down,—this translator has spent years and years among the Slavs whom she loves and when she turns about to interpret them to us, does so with absolute authority.

These fairy tales are fascinating. I did them all at one reading, and I haven't done that to a book of fairy tales for years. I say to myself as I read "Here is just the chance for children to feel the charm of a Slav people." The rest of us meet that charm usually through some special study or in middle life. For here are the stories that came out of the beginnings of things; perhaps they originated in the Carpathians, perhaps some came up the valley of the Danube, perhaps others came through the passes of the mountains in the days when the Slavs were closer united; the Czechs have them—the Slovaks, the Slovenes, and the Russians-Who-Live-Under-the-Carpathians (for that is the name of one group that belongs to the family). Czechoslovakia is a land of wonder, of mystery, of age, of beauty, of charm: it's all here in this book.

Among these fascinating experiences of what to most of us is a new world are some old friends in different costume: there is that story of "Beauty and the Beast" which Aksakov heard from his nurse in Russia as the "Red Flower." Here the story is called the "Rose Bud." Who knows? Perhaps the Varangians brought that story out of the north when they came to old Novgorod in the land of Rus; perhaps it was told to Cyril or Metodius when those two were traveling about the Slav lands. There is also "Salt Rather Than Gold" (a King Lear plot), which appears in a different form in one or two other familiar books.

But all the others have roots in the Slav heart. They go way back to the dim days when there were giants and dragons and witches on earth; I like immensely the way Mrs. Ledbetter has kept the original names, —Baca, Dunaj, Rados, Mikesh, Marushka, —I like the way she has kept the flavor and the Slav way of saying things, of the greetings, and the formal peasant talk. How is this? "So they had a grand wedding. Cheese and honey ran over the edge of the plates, and the mountains reverberated with the echoes of the music." Oh, this Slav experience is such a fine experience,—and here comes a new set of experiences from a country that has not been much exploited in translation, yet a country which contains innumerable sources of literature.

Nemcova is much beloved in her own country, but her charm could not carry over into English unless the translation were in itself a masterpiece. It is a rather noteworthy thing about Slav books that they generally contain so many ideas that the possibility of carrying over to another language much that was in the author's mind is quite good if the translator is in absolute sympathy with the native culture and understands the language well. I think that Dostoievsky is just as popular in English-speaking lands as in Russia, and this is due perhaps to the excellent translations of Constance Garnett.

Somehow in these Czech fairy tales one steps from the present directly into the time world of the book. No Renaissance nor prosy eighteenth or nineteenth centuries clog the cultural outpourings of the Slav writers. Centuries between are gone in a trice;—take the "Kingdom of Time," for example, where the Twelve Months, I believe, sit in council about the eternal mountain-fire of Sklenena. One needs no theory of art to appreciate the beauty of it: one needs not remember a single comparison in order to make up one's mind whether one likes it or doesn't. One does like it. It is primitive and real. And it is so with the kingdom of Nachod and the peasant who uproots trees for diversion,—or it is so in the person of the Sun who is not too busy to advise now and then, or the Moon to help, or the Winds to search for lost princesses. Fascinating stories, new (to us) of their kind, original,—splendid for reading to children, and beautifully illustrated by William Siegel.

Conducted by Marion Ponsonby

MORE ABOUT ME. By John Drinkwater. Illustrated by H. M. Brock. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by John Farrar

THE test of any book of poems for children might be whether children like them or not. This, however, is not an acid test. Some children like all rhymes and will listen to *anything*. Others cannot sit still long enough to listen. Still others prefer Edgar A. Guest to Sara Teasdale. So, to say that this reviewer has tested "More about Me" and found it approved by four-year-olds is not enough.

Mr. Drinkwater's method in his verse is acute observation of the routine of life expressed in simple words and rhythms. Occasionally he breaks away to a rollick as in "Davy Dumpling." His children are not above making jokes. Nor do they neglect the play on words. They are interested not only in familiar objects and animals; but in relatives, friends, policemen, chimney sweeps; those many strange figures which clutter the approaches to maturity. Having disposed of these, Mr. Drinkwater tells a long adventure in rhyme which should make many bed-time story hours agreeable. Through verse that is intentionally homely, the frogs and pigs and grownups come alive and attain that warmth of presence which is essential in all writing for children that is to find a place in their memories—and that perhaps more important still, since younger children can be reached only through their parents, strike a chord of memory in elders.

Mr. Drinkwater's poems for children place this emphasis on the common thing. They fit without jar into the pattern of the child's day. They are made for the nursery, and they should find their way into many.

I saw a baby in a pram,
Who was much taller than I am;
Yet eight or seven years ago
I understand that I was so.

THE TREASURE HOUSE. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Arthur Alden Knipe. New York: The Century Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by Grace King

THIS is a romance fresh and fragrant, plucked from that good old romance-bearing tree, the history of New Orleans. Frenchmen and Spaniards play their accustomed parts in it, and make a record that holds the interest from the first page to the last.

Père Dagobert, Galvez, and the Maxents, are among the historical personages, and act their rôles well. O'Reilly, also, adds to the plot in a genial mood. As for the young hero, and heroine, they are charming, as well as (it would seem) impossibly precocious. Better scribes for their records, more meticulously careful as to style and language, or more sensitive to the *convenances* of sentiment and situation, could hardly be found than themselves.

Of course, there are historical improbabilities, and a slip, now and then, in French: but it were churlish to mention them, after enjoying a story so well conceived and carried out. As to that, romance, as we know, laughs at historical impossibilities in New Orleans, the least technically bound city in the United States: and when Frenchmen and Spaniards combine to give us a good story, we must not expect the accurate details of prosaic accounts.

THE BOLD DRAGOON: And Other Ghostly Tales by Washington Irving. Selected and edited by Anne Carroll Moore. Drawings by James Daugherty. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by Louise H. Seaman

HERE is a rare combination: Washington Irving telling his wildest, funniest, most satiric "ghost stories," and James Daugherty capering along, seeing almost more pictures than a book can hold, in those fat burghers, rollicking soldiers, devil-haunted colonials, gibbet-scared treasure seekers. All of Irving's best wit and verve are here; and Daugherty matches him line for line, with swift, wild rhythms, uproarious caricatures, fearful and wonderful conceptions of "Discord," "The Agreement with the Devil," "Gossip," etc.

These two geniuses were brought together by that same Miss Moore of our New York Public Library who has inspired other new editions of Irving. The idea of reviving Irving's ghost stories for an age that loves mystery tales, came to her on a Hallowe'en walk near Sleepy Hollow. That very night, says her charming preface, she found a friendly publisher. May she long continue her walks in a country which may have forgotten its own legends, and may she often come home with such publishing projects. The publisher of the present volume has done excellently in paper, typography, layout, binding, to fulfil her idea of a fine book.

It is, of course, a book truly "for all ages." Such editing as Miss Moore has done is not to the end of "fixing" Irving

Illustration from "The Bold Dragon."

for children. The dedication to the memory of that wonderful story-teller, Miss Tyler, who told these tales, and to the boys and girls of New York, is a link in the tradition Miss Moore has established, of leading adult literature. Such a point of view cannot be overemphasized in an age when the tendency is to segregate the things for the child, to make things easy for children. Of course, half of Irving's fun is lost if one is not old enough to appreciate his satire. So perhaps this book will be best for people over twelve years old. The first tale is of "my grandfather, a bold dragoon, a saucy sunshiny fellow," who "rode jollily into Bruges" at the time of the fair, got himself a haunted room in a tavern, and vanquished the ghost with his high spirits. Next comes Tom Walker, who was so used to a termagant wife that he got on well with the Devil himself—so well that nothing was left of wife or Tom, in the end. Then comes Wolfert Webber, and his golden dreams of fortune among his cabbages in old Manhattan; "Guests from Gibbert Island," and their effect on Dutch treasure seekers of Communipaw; the last, the best, and the longest of all, the adventurous ghost story of that engaging scamp, Dolph Heyliger, which includes the familiar tale of the storm ship.

This reviewer had met very few of these tales before. Now the van Pelts and Rappelyes of the tales have supplanted the respectable portraits of her own Dutch ancestors, in the family Bible; the little old Dutch farm houses of her youth, now buried amid apartments or gone forever, are revived and peopled with Wolferts and Dolphs and with "little bulbous bottomed Dutch goblins." Astride her horse, from the top of a windy hill near Sleepy Hollow, she sees Dolph's ship sail into the Tappan Zee, and watches in a wild autumn sunset the flight of the storm ship under Dunderberg. Pictures and words can give us new memories.

THE TALE OF TOM TIDDLER. By Eleanor Farjeon. With Rhymes of London Town. Illustrated by Norman Tealby. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by Dorothea H. Withington

ELEANOR FARJEON is one of the most successful writers for children today, and we have come to expect from her an unusual freshness of fancy. In the "Tale of Tom Tiddler" she makes a charming story by means of a series of imaginative interpretations of London place names. Moor's Gate, Shepherd's Bush, Lavender Hill, Petticoat Lane, Knightsbridge . . . these names ring in the mind with their sweet resonance and their many associations. Miss Farjeon has brought out the fantastical and whimsical rather than the historical aspect. She is so peculiarly fitted to write the history of London place names for children that it is a disappointment to find that she has come so near to doing it in this book and has not done it. A churlish criticism, no doubt, in view of the winning story that she has written.

Her story is based on the formula of the story of the "Old Woman Whose Pig Wouldn't Get Over the Stile." That is, each incident is dependent on the next for its solution. It is a device very pleasing to young children and one that cleverly holds the interest throughout the book. Tom Tiddler pursues his adventures delightful and terrifying through the brightly enameled scenes and among the charming characters whom Miss Farjeon has named after the streets and squares of old London.

Each chapter is followed by a little verse telling the story of another place. For instance, Clement and Clifford are given a solid and substantial character, very fitting —thus:

Clement and Clifford do not roam.
When you call they are always at home.
"Yes," says the Maid as she lifts the pin,
"Clement's in and Clifford's in."

Altogether it is a pleasant little book and deserves better illustrations.

RING-A-ROUND. By Mildred P. Harrington. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by Daisy Neumann

WE all have our private anthologies of beloved childhood verse, though not many people have, like Mildred Harrington, taken the pains to set them down in writing. It is quite obvious at the outset that the more dearly personal this poetry is, the less perfect is it likely to be as literature. The hardiest among us will not reject indifferent verses simply because they sang themselves into our memory in those years we think on fondly.

For this reason, and because poetry for children is much a matter of personal prejudice on the part of the parent, much a case of accidental association in the mind of the child, it is impossible for anyone to appraise the value of anyone else's choice. For our part, we think that the editor has displayed splendid taste and judgment. This does not mean that all the poems are very good. Such of them as "The Cow," "The Sheep," and "The Egg" are, judged by any sort of poetical canon, hardly admissible. But the undiscriminating and insatiable reader for whom they are intended is likely to enjoy these as much as the better verses. As to such things, there is no foretelling. On the other hand, that book is certain to be charming which harbors such dependable friends as Blake, Mr. W. S., Walter de la Mare, Rose Fyleman, Stevenson, and Sandburg, supplemented by many poets both new and familiar. "The Chinese Nursery Rhyme," Tagore's "Paper Boats," "Mr. Nobody," "Two Little Kittens," and the wood- and fairy-poems will please everyone. Surely, out of this fat book "the youngest children," for whom, as the jacket recommends, this book is meant, as "very first reading," will draw treasures that will haunt their lives and color them.

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*.

THIS is the time of year when the Guide does a land-office business in free advice by return mail on the selection of Christmas presents for special cases. These calls come for the most part so late that in the ordinary course they could not reach print till January, and so this activity, remaining a mail matter only, has been for the most part confined to individual clients, unshared by the column's public. A few recent replies, however, I am shoving ahead of their turn in the hope that they may help last-minute choosers with like problems. *A. F. C., New York,* for instance, wanted a "something for an advertising man, not informative; he liked Ralph Burlingame's 'You Too.'" This gave me a chance to shout for "The Dickens Advertiser" (Macmillan) in which Bernard Darwin has collected, classified, and deliciously commented upon the original advertisements bound in with the monthly "parts" of all the Dickens novels from "Pickwick" on. Now that this has been done, the wonder grows that it was not done before, the high value of these ads as sidelights on social history being at once apparent, but then it might have been done poorly, and under Mr. Darwin's hand it has become a charming social commentary, sophisticated without being in the least sniffy. Here are wigs and crinolines, stereoscopes, smokes, outfits for making hair chains and ornaments, Pears' soap, pills—how could anyone resist the appeal of Morison's pills, to which a monument was erected in 1856 in the form of a lion "with an expression of countenance which seemed to say that if the pill does not do him good he will know the reason why." Here is the tailor who advertised in verse, and a whole chapter on books, magazines, and newspapers whose announcements trailed along with the vast vogue of Boz—a chapter that should send one straight into Amy Cruse's rollicking, erudite "The Englishman and his Books in the Early Nineteenth Century" (Crowell), an account of what the masses were really reading while the classics were coming out. In Professor Cruse's book, by the way, there is a lovely chapter on lecturers and their audiences, the latter shown in their beautiful big hats and Empire gowns. "Archibald," by Frederick Markham (Brewer & Warren), is a cheerful novel about a British stunt publicity man, not so subtle as Mr. Burlingame's probing of the psychology of an American expert in the same line, but quite as amusing in its own way: it pleased Frank Swinnerton, whose "Young Felix" has an advertising office clearly set down from youthful memory. I would rank "Archibald" with W. L. George's "Caliban": the author is an experienced advertising man prudently using a pseudonym. "What Groucho Says," another pseudonymous work (Harper), is the "almost amiable growls of a Hard-Working Advertising Man," an account-executive who has lost his illusions and kept his sense of humor: like many a funny book, it has plenty of hard-boiled truth.

D. M., Cincinnati, O., asked for books on seeing New York: I told her about "Rider's Guide" (Macmillan), the standard work corresponding to a Baedeker; "New York in Seven Days," by Dayton and Barratt (McBride), a practical arrangement of tours for shopping as well as sight-seeing, and about two new ones, "Shopping Guide to New York," by Gretta Palmer (McBride), an unusually complete survey of where to get whatever you want, especially if you want to wear it, and "Dining in New York," by Rian James (Day). This calls for special mention; it is a light-hearted presentation of solid news about 125 New York restaurants, so arranged that a visitor might by the brief ray of a pocket flashlight find out where to go, what he would see, and approximately what it was likely to cost him, in a careening taxi on the way. My only criticism is that it puts more stress on color and atmosphere than on food specialties, but then that seems the local habit. I have a quaint old-world custom of eating when I go to a restaurant, and of caring less for features than for food, so naturally I jumped with surprise to find my favorite place set down—in the appendix—only as "smart, swanky, and expensive." This has been for some time my port of safety for foreign guests for three quite different reasons: (1) the cook; (2) the waiters; (3) its address, I don't know why, is the only one I can remember when naming a place over the telephone. However, the book would be a very present help to strangers or residents, and I can't see the restaurants complaining.

A correspondent in the Philippines who has twice written to see if the third part of Alfred Noyes's poetic trilogy "The Torch-Bearers" were ready, has been informed that the concluding volume, "The Last Voyage" (Stokes), came out in time for Christmas. Opening with an emergency operation in mid-ocean, a famous surgeon directing by radio from another ship, the long poem muses, with shifting scenes from scientific history, upon the long struggle with disease and death that now—by way of men like Lister, Harvey, Pasteur—takes for granted the use of means once miraculous. Closing at a ship's service and on a high spiritual note, it envisages science and religion finding mutual fulfilment. Though linked with the other two volumes, it is in some respects the best with which to make a beginning on the whole work.

S. D. A., New York, wanted to send to the country something on the order of the Nonesuch Press's "Weekend Book" or the Christmas Miscellanies that came out last year. "A Book of Days," by Christopher Morley (Day), is my own first choice; it transfigures the old "birthday book" and household diary through leaving space enough for personal notes by reinforcing every day's page with a quotation so spontaneous, so fresh fitting, that it is like hearing C. M. speak to you in the morning. Another lovely new companion is "A Winter Miscellany," made by Humbert Wolfe, who adds several new poems of his own (Viking). It covers everything you can think of concerning winter, country or city, like it or not, long ago or to-day, and as it seems to sportsmen, poets, indoor people, travellers or those with a mind on heaven; prose and poetry are comfortably mingled.

W. C. O., asks for a gift for a clock enthusiast and *E. L. S.* inquires on behalf of a collector of early American bottles. The best illustrations I have seen in a clock-book—and here pictures are of high importance—are in "Connecticut Clockmakers of the Eighteenth Century," by Penrose R. Hoopes, published by Edwin Valentine Mitchell and Dodd, Mead. They are photographs on so large a scale that the least feature of the dial may be examined, and the text gives biographies of seventy-nine clockmakers, sprinkled with bits of local history. There are several bottle-books, notable "Early American Glass," by Rhea M. Knittle (Century), one of a series of excellent guides whose feature is that they provide historical background as well as data for collectors of Americana. Another fine book with beautiful pictures is "American Glass," by Mary Harrod Northend (Dodd, Mead). A more expensive one with a wider range, is N. Hudson Moore's "Old Glass, European and American" (Stokes); this is the most comprehensive work on the subject in English. In case your clients would be collecting coverlets, the book for her is "Old Patchwork Quilts and the Women who Made Them," by Ruth Findley (Lippincott), with pictures, endless anecdote, and legendry. If you are looking for an unusual book for a book-collector, get "The New English Collectors of Books and Manuscripts (1530-1930)," by Seymour de Ricci (Macmillan), and give him the joy of being in a long line of good company; the book gives marks of ownership and has many illustrations.

E. W., Long Island, needed "anything about ships," so of course I told her about "When Ships Were Ships—and Not Tin Pots," by Captain William Barnes (Boni), sixty years a sailor and now at eighty a prince of story-spinners, and about Captain Aylward Dingle's story "Seaworthy" (Houghton Mifflin) about a boy saved by being shanghaied for a four-year trip on a whaler; this is a boys' book that fathers are likely to borrow. I told her also about "The Atlantic," by Stanley Rogers (Crowell) who made its hundred or more illustrative drawings; it is made of history, shipcraft, legend, and romance, no book to read if you could never get away from your desk; it is likely to make you long to sign on as anything from coal-passer to stewardess.

H. W. T., Charles City, Iowa, wanted a book that "handles the French novel in an intelligent way," and I sent him a list of standard works, but since then and in time for Christmas a new number has been added to the One Hour Series (Lippincott), "The French Novel," in which Pierre Mille brings his incisive mind and sparkling manner to bear on a brief, definite, and provocative review of the course of French fiction past and present.

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from page 475*)

architect will find presented within its pages not only the familiar houses of the Maryland shore, but also a very considerable number of houses, as, for example, "Sotterley" and "Havre de Ventures," of whose existence he was only vaguely aware, together with sufficient data as to the date of construction and the principal pieces of architectural design still remaining to enable him to make up his mind whether it is worth while to go and see the house, and in many cases the photographs give him information not previously accessible. On the other hand, with each house there is a brief résumé of the history of the family which built it, always pleasantly told, sometimes with very amusing and slightly satirical comments, so that the book taken as a whole is an admirable document on the life of the wealthier settlers of pre-Revolutionary Maryland.

OUR NEW PROGRESS. By *James Bayard Clark.* Putnams. $2.

GRATITUDE. By *Henry Van Dyke.* Dutton. $1.

CHRIST ON CÆSAR. By *William Lyon Phelps.* Dutton. $1.

CONVERSATION. By *André Maurois.* Dutton. $1.

COLLECTOR'S LUCK IN SPAIN. By *Alice Van Lee Carrick.* Little, Brown. $3 net.

AN HOUR OF AVIATION. By *Captain Norman Macmillan.* Lippincott. $1.

MILITARY RECORDS OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY IN THE WORLD WAR. Cornell University Press.

EARLY AMERICAN SILVER. By *C. Louise Avery.* Century $4.

WHAT'LL WE DO NEXT? By *Edward Longstreth* and *Leonard J. Holton.* Reilly & Lee. $1.25 net.

YESTERDAY. By *Frank Wing.* Reilly & Lee. $1.25 net.

INTERNAL MEDICINE. By *Sir Humphrey Rollston.* Hoerber. $1.50.

WINNING BACKGAMMON. By *Grosvenor Nicholas* and *C. Wheaton Vaughan.* Appleton. $1.50.

SCHERMERHORN'S SPEECHES FOR ALL OCCASIONS. By *James Schermerhorn.* Sully. $2 net.

THE ROMANCE OF OLD GLORY. By *Ethel Clere Chamberlin.* Sully. $2.50 net.

POPULAR QUESTIONS ANSWERED. By *George W. Simpson.* Sully. $2 net.

HOMES OF THE CAVALIERS. By *Katherine Scarborough.* Macmillan. $5.

TREATMENT OF EPILEPSY. By *Fritz B. Talbot, M.D.* Macmillan. $4.

SOCIAL WORK YEAR BOOK. Edited by *Fred S. Hall.* Russell Sage Foundation.

AN INTRODUCTORY STUDY OF THE FAMILY. By *Edgar Schmiedeler.* Century. $2.50.

KNOWLEDGE, BELIEF, AND OPINION. By *John Laid.* Century. $4.

CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES. Compiled and published by the *American Institute of Accountants.* $3.

THE LONG VIEW. By *Mary E. Richmond.* Russell Sage Foundation. $3.

PRONUNCIATION. By *Thorleif Larson* and *Francis C. Walker.* Oxford University Press.

PLAY-MAKING AND PLAYS. By *John Merrill* and *Martha Fleming.* Macmillan. $2.60.

THE LOGIC OF DISCOVERY. By *R. D. Carmichael.* Open Court. $2.

FLY FISHING. By *Viscount Grey of Fallodon.* Dutton. $3.75.

CONTRACT-BRIDGE OF 1931. By *Elizabeth Clark Boyden* and *Mrs. Prescott Warren.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.

AVIATION ENGINE EXAMINER. By *Major Victor W. Page.* Hanley. $3.

YANKEE PAMPHLETS. By *Harry Gannes.* International Pamphlets. 10 cents.

EXPERIMENTAL CHEMISTRY. By *A. Frederick Collins.* Appleton. $2.

Philosophy

FOUNTAIN OF LIFE. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. Houghton Mifflin. 1930.

It is somewhat trying for any mind, however rich, however contributory in its sustained efforts to the thought of the day, to reduce its *obiter dicta* to the rigid finality of print. The three series of "Impressions and Comments" of Mr. Havelock Ellis, now made available under a revised title, pass the test favorably. It is a book to be taken up and laid down as mood and moment determine.

It would have been pleasant now and then in recent years, in pre-war times and after, to "call up" Mr. Ellis and share his reflections for the day. A diary it is not; for that obligatory form of communion has properly gone out of fashion; it magnifies what only time can reduce to a seemly focus. Yet approached with no more serious motive than that of intellectual stimulation, the "Fountain of Life" affords jets and sprays that refresh one's acquaintance with an author who has contributed variously and notably to modern thought. The volume companions "The Dance of Life" but lacks the unity of that theme.

What is peculiarly distinctive of Mr. Ellis is his equal expertness and parallel interest in the contributions of science and the inspirations of literature. We live neither by bread nor by brains alone. Repeatedly Mr. Ellis returns to the theme that the memories of one's years and supports of one's living take the form of a treasury of feelings rather than of a sheaf of opinions. His readers, to whom he has been prophet and interpreter, will find scattered through these random reflections the "expiration" (as opposed to "inspirations") of a penetrating mind.

Printing

TALES FROM CHAUCER, THE CANTERBURY TALES. With twelve plates in color by Russell Flint. London: The Medici Society. 1930.

Necessarily painful to any reader of Chaucer in the original, this expurgated prose version may serve its purpose of introducing the admirable story teller if not the poet to children. It is readable, and the changes made in the interest of decency for lads and lasses are, being a sorry business at best, well enough contrived. Mr. Flint's color illustrations are insipid, rather in Abbey's poorer manner, but they brighten up a text that seems to need it.

THE WANDERER. By *Nathaniel A. Benson.* Ryerson Poetry Chapbooks.

SILKEN THREADS. By *Wilhelmina Stitch.* Dutton. $1.

COLLECTED POEMS. By *Stephen Berrien Stanton.* Minton, Balch. $2.

PASS, STRANGER. By *Mrs. Peyton Mackeson.* Smith.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER. Translated by *S. H. Butcher* and *Andrew Lang.* Hale, Cushman & Flint. $7.50.

War

AS I SAW IT. By ALDEN BROOKS. Knopf. 1930. $3.50.

An observant American, commissioned a lieutenant in the French heavy artillery, present at every important action on the western front in the Great War's final ye Mr. Brooks saw more than a little. To writing of his reminiscences he brings good staff officer's qualities — first-hand knowledge, wide experience, detachment, and unsparing criticism. If these same characteristics traditionally tend, in battle or on the march, to awake in the simple, slogging infantry either raging resentment or grudging respect, they certainly help to make this book a treasury of frank information as to what transpired in the Allied line and behind it during the closing months of the gigantic struggle, when tempers and endurance were strained to the breaking-point.

His comment is spicy and dispassionate. Though he paints feelingly the indignation and despair of the French, struggling to repair the breach when the British, overconfident or "fed up," melted before the German attacks of March, 1918, he depicts in equally graphic terms the rout of French divisions before the onrushing "Friedensturm" of two months later. He praises the splendid work of the American 3rd and 42d Divisions on the Marne and in the fighting above Chateau Thierry, only to criticize severely the wasteful expenditure of the 2d Division in dismal Belleau Wood to accomplish, as many military students maintain, no sound military purpose. He scores unmercifully, with strokes as sharp as they are deft, the incompetence and stupidity of certain American generals and staffs, who, now that all is being told, bungled sadly many of the highly touted Meuse-Argonne operations. The book fairly crackles with echoes of the spicy opinions expressed during combat at dozens of French and American headquarters. It tells what battle commanders, the staffs of combat units, and simple soldiers were thinking and saying at times of crisis. By his vivid depiction, furthermore, of the anxieties, desperate worries, and herculean labor of the men responsible for the successful conduct of difficult movements, by his many and striking illustrations of the tasks an operations staff must accomplish in the face of apparently insuperable odds, Mr. Brooks has rendered a genuine service to the memory of a much misunderstood but perfectly invaluable class of officers. He will interest without question all those readers who, after years of hearing the "brass-hats" berated and blamed by all self-appointed champions of troops of the line, incline to give ear, when opportunity offers, to the modest staff officer's side of the story.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Books Briefly Described

THE ARCHÆOLOGY OF ROMAN BRITAIN. By R. G. COLLINGWOOD. Dial. 1930.

A technical, scientific account of roads, fortifications, villas, temples, coins, pottery, etc., in Roman Britain. Important for the specialist, but not for general reading.

LIES AND LIBELS OF FRANK HARRIS: Including the Letters Frank Harris Wrote to Kate Stephens 1915-1919. Edited by G. & M. C. SMITH. Arguments by KATE STEPHENS. Antigone Press, 236 West 15th Street, New York City. 1930. $2.50.

An old controversy presented with some interesting letters. This book contains a good deal of disputation and some interesting biographical material.

THE WISSAHICKON HILLS. By CORNELIUS WEYGANDT. University of Pennsylvania Press. 1930. $4.

A collection of descriptive and reflective essays having to do with the lovely hill country to the north of Philadelphia and illustrated by old prints. A book somewhat local in its interest and a little miscellaneous in its contents but of undeniable charm. It should be read by lovers of the Pennsylvania country and by those who appreciate sound nature literature.

MAN AND THE STARS. By HARLAN TRUE STETSON. McGraw Hill. 1930. $2.50.

A brief and lucid account of astronomical theory as it stands today with concluding chapters on the philosophical implications of the new physical knowledge.

JUST IN PASSING. By HARVEY D. COWEE. Troy, N. Y.: Walter Snyder. 1930. $2.50.

A readable series of letters telling of the experiences of a party of Americans on a round-the-world cruise. A good check list for those who propose to follow their example.

ROBERT FEKE: COLONIAL PORTRAIT PAINTER. By HENRY WILDER FOOTE. Harvard University Press. 1930. $7.50.

A scholarly study of one of the earliest American-born artists, "the best portrait painter in the Colonies before Copley." The book is illustrated with reproductions of Feake's paintings and concludes with a catalogue of portraits.

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON. By NANCY BYRD TURNER, in collaboration with SIDNEY GUNN. Dodd, Mead. 1930. $3.50.

A readable and somewhat informal study of the life of Washington's mother with a good deal of background material about early Virginia and illustrations of surviving houses.

CONNECTICUT CLOCKMAKERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By PENROSE R. HOOPES. Hartford, Conn.: Edwin Valentine Mitchell. $10.

A catalogue of famous Connecticut clockmakers excellently illustrated with plates of clock faces and the clocks themselves. A well-made book, the materials of which have been derived "almost wholly from the original records."

THE STATES THROUGH IRISH EYES. By Œ SUMMERVILLE. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $2.50.

This is a slight but charming record of visiting and hunting in the South and East of the United States by the talented co-author of the well-loved "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M."

Murder Will Out

By WILLIAM C. WEBER

AND now the mystery mongers have discovered certain odd and interesting facts about arsenic. It is curious to note that two current murder yarns, one brand new, the other a few weeks old, one British, the other American, hinge on the same property of the drug. Sadly one must place the palm across the sea, for "Strong Poison," by Dorothy L. Sayers (Brewer & Warren: $2) is a better yarn than "Murder from the Grave," by Will Levinrew (McBride: $2). "Strong Poison" presents as its leading character and deductive genius the inimitable Lord Peter Wimsey, who in his own clever and amusing fashion saves a young girl—who writes mystery stories and dabbles in noxious drugs—from an almost certain conviction of murder. Besides Lord Peter there is Miss Climpson, a hugely enjoyable creature, not to mention several other characters who are splendidly portrayed. Here is unquestionably a shining star in the mystery story firmament and the best of all the Lord Peter Wimsey stories—until the next comes along. "Murder from the Grave" is almost too full of poison, arsenic and hydrocyanic acid both entering into it. Old Professor Herman Brierly, hero of other Levinrew yarns, solves the mystery of the strange deaths in the Borgen family. He is a good detective, even though he does make you wary of percolated coffee.

There is a dash of arsenic, also, in Walter S. Masterman's "The Yellow Mistletoe" (Dutton: $2), as wild a yarn as any one could wish. Mr. Masterson has been reading Frazer's "The Golden Bough" and, by careful check, he is almost letter perfect. This tale of a little country parson who was killed because he knew too much and was on the way to tell Scotland Yard is a swell mixture of Rider Haggard, Bram Stoker, Sir John Frazer, and, to be sure, Walter S. Masterman. It is quite impossible and, as a mystery story, goes completely hay-wire about half way through, but this strange tale of the hidden valley in the Balkans, where direct descendants of the old Romans continue the worship of Diana Nemorensis with all its mystic and horrible rites holds its interest to the end—even if you do forget all about the poor little parson and don't care who killed him or what happened to the murderer.

"The Blue Door," by Vincent Starrett (Crime Club: $2), is a collection of short stories published in various magazines and newspapers during the last four years and now collected in book form. Although they are of average worth, it is difficult to understand why they were rescued from the files—even for a dollar.

There have been few more mystifying yarns published this year than "The Man in the Red Hat," by Richard Keverne (Harper Sealed Mystery: $2). It is not a murder story, although there is murder in the air all the way through the book—until a startling disclosure sends the reader on an entirely new trail. It is extremely well done, this tale of unscrupulous relatives seeking to steal the wealth of an eccentric old lady who owns among other things a putative Gainsborough called "The Man in the Red Hat." And there are some very amusing and very real people in it—miles ahead of the dummies of the average detective yarn.

For a tale that is tense with excitement from start to finish one may recommend without hesitation "Derelict," by Joseph T. Shaw (Knopf: $2). It all happens on board the *S. S. Maricopa*, abandoned by her crew and most of the passengers when she hits an iceberg. One of the passengers, Whizzbang Halliday, slept through the collision and thought himself alone on a sinking ship when he awoke and went on deck. But there were two other passengers who stayed on board for nefarious reasons, and then a beautiful girl, her crippled mother, and a large dog turn up. It is not long before the criminals show their true colors, and from then on the thrills shoot up and down every page. It is good sea stuff, carefully documented to stop the tongue of the scoffer, and the characters—although Whizzbang tends to be a little too superhuman at moments—are deftly drawn.

J. J. Connington is favorably known among mystery addicts for his water-tight plots, and his latest story, "The Two Ticket Puzzle" (Little, Brown: $2), is well up to his high standard. It starts innocently enough with the wanton shooting of a prize ram in a pasture adjoining a railway line. A few days afterward a man is found shot to death in a first-class compartment on a train running past the field where the ram was shot—this is in England, of course. Then, with a minimum of clues the police start their man hunt. Mr. Connington's "puzzle" will baffle the keenest readers, although all the clues are laid on the table. There have been few detective stories that read more like a page from real life than this one.

"The Opium Murders," by Peter Baron (Macaulay: $2), and "The Blind Fury," by Sinclair Gluck (Dodd, Mead: $2), are tales of vengeance. In the first one the members of a dope ring, despite all precautions, die deservedly but by highly irregular methods. A rather spurious Scotland Yard hunts the murderer—to congratulate him, no doubt. In "The Blind Fury" a ruined man takes his revenge on the men who broke his life and scattered his family. There is much excitement, considerable hocuspocus of raw-head and bloody bones, mystic tit-tat-toe cards that presage sudden death, and a terrific finale. All in all a screeching thriller.

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins & Gilbert M. Troxell.

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

Life in Victorian America

MR. CURRIER AND MR. IVES: A Note on Their Lives and Times. By RUSSEL CROUSE. With 32 illustrations in color and black and white. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $5.

SINS OF NEW YORK, as "Exposed by the *Police Gazette*." By EDWARD VAN EVERY. Introduction by F. P. ADAMS. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1930. $5.

THERE is good reason for the inclusion of these two books in the same review. "Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives" represent all that is most sentimental, most innocent, and most superficial in the America of the mid-nineteenth century; the *Police Gazette* represents, probably quite as truthfully, the seamy side of life in America—or, if you do not like the word seamy, then the side of life which is quite as definitely real as any of the incidents in a Currier & Ives print. The chromo makers started in about 1834, the first number of the *Police Gazette* appeared in 1845. They are then almost contemporary in beginning, as they were alike in their experience of a changing clientèle.

As pictorial art, both the colored pictures of Messrs. Currier and Ives and the black and white woodcuts of Messrs. Wilkes and Fox are atrocious. There was little drawing or painting in America of that time which was better than mediocre, but these things are worse than that. It may be that there was no fine taste in such matters in America, but just as certainly the public which fed on these pictures was starved. This is "popular art" at its worst, and pretty bad at that!

But as records—pitiful records—of what the Americans of 1840 to 1880 had to look at as souvenirs of their ideals and fancies and crimes and boorishness these two books are invaluable.

Mr. Crouse's book on Currier and Ives is the latest of several volumes issued as a result of the present craze for the chromo-lithographs of our fathers, a craze which produced Mr. Peter's fine exhibition last year in the Grolier Club. In the present volume no attempt is made at a catalogue: the author has taken certain general divisions of the work of the lithographers, such as Votes for Women, Ten Decades in a Barroom, the episode of Maria Bloomer, the prize ring, the life of a railroad man, etc., and has written with knowledge and sprightliness of such matters. He has selected thirty-two pictures to illustrate his text. These pictures really do furnish an admirable commentary on the text, and a brief view of what things were like in America at the time—a time which began before the camera, but which extended for many years after Brady made those extraordinary photographs of actual scenes in the Union Army.

As to his book, Mr. Crouse has had good luck. The printing is excellent, and the reproductions of the old prints are accurate and pleasing, being done in the same lithographic style. For the general reader, who failed to buy the Peters catalogue, this book will give an excellent idea of the "art" of Messrs. Currier and Ives, and make good reading.

Mr. Van Every's "Sins of New York" is extraordinary in subject. The *Police Gazette* was as much of an institution as the Five Points and the Bowery to an older generation—almost as much of an institution as the *Tribune* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. But this is to do scant justice to the *Gazette*. Neither the *Tribune* nor the *Atlantic* could boast of a circulation of half a million copies, and I am not sure that the *Gazette* didn't really make the Five Points and the Bowery for most of its readers! If you want to see what the *Gazette* meant to its readers look at its modern exemplars—the tabloid newspapers. There is no essential difference except that the tabloids use photographic pictures and bigger type. Their debt to the old *P. G.* was acknowledged a week or two ago by the owner of one of the largest tabloids, who held up before his academic audience several copies of the pink 'un as evidence of successful and imaginative and laudable journalism! The point is, I suppose, that the *Gazette* gave free rein, in a crude and bawdy fashion, to the indomitable half of us which cannot and should not be subdued by professional uplifters. What hurts, in the *Police Gazette*, so far as wine, women, and song is concerned—and it greatly occupied the paper—is the crude and ugly presentation of it. They order those things better in France.

For the acres of space devoted to crime—well, Franklin P. Adams in his introduction says that probably the headline in the Gomorrah *Mirror* read "Sin Sweeps Sodom, Says Lot." News of crime and sin is a toothsome morsel always, to everyone. And the *Gazette* served it up in large and liberal doses. So do the tabloids, so do the "regular" newspapers. Furthermore, the present amusing furore over "crime waves" is only the current recrudescence of excessive interest in what has always had fascination for human beings. The *Gazette* made a specialty of that sort of "news," that is all.

Mr. Van Every's book is amply illustrated, and he has amusingly printed the latter half of his narrative—that devoted to the régime of Richard K. Fox as publisher of the *Gazette*—on the pink paper long associated with the sheet. And his narrative is as enthralling as a detective story—don't miss it!

R.

Various Titles

FAUST, A TRAGEDY. Translated by ALICE RAPHAEL. With an introduction by MARK VAN DOREN and woodcuts by LYND WARD. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 1930.

A new translation of Goethe's Faust, printed in large type, and illustrated with six of Mr. Ward's characteristic wood engravings—especially pertinent in such a book.

FOURTEEN WOODCUTS. Reproduced from Sebastian Brant's Virgil, Strasburg, 1502. By ANNA COX BRINTON. Stanford University Press: 1930. $3.50.

This simply but attractively printed brochure gives fourteen reproductions (very satisfactorily rendered photo-zinc blocks) of woodcuts of the very early sixteenth century. The cuts, which, according to the editor of this book, were conceived and executed under Brant's immediate supervision, are good examples of German work of the time.

THE DIMITY SWEETHEART. O. Henry's Own Love Story. By FRANCES GOGGIN MALTBY. Richmond: Dietz. 1930.

Typographically this book is not so well done as it might be, being set in a poor version of Caslon type. The binding in dimity is appropriate.

Mrs. Woolf's "Beau Brummell"

BEAU BRUMMELL. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. New York: Rimington & Hooper. 1930.

THIS book has two merits and a defect: it is written by Virginia Woolf and decorated by William A. Dwiggins, which establishes the claims of any book to attention; but it is too big and unwieldy in size.

Aside from Mrs. Woolf's text, which it is not my province to consider, the real interest in this volume is in Mr. Dwiggins's decorations. These consist of quite lovely borders, enclosing figures of a woman and a man. That enclosing the female figure is as lovely as any piece of decoration which Mr. Dwiggins has done—and I rather think that he is the most imaginative and versatile of modern decorative draftsmen.

The binding, with its peacock label—a *motif* carried out on the slip case—is severe but good.

R.

Auction Sales Calendar

American Art Association Anderson Galleries. December 15-16: The library of the late Mrs. J. H. Bostwick, of New York City; selections from the library of Mr. Samuel A. Goldberg, of Philadelphia; historical letters from various private sources;

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nd historical maps from the collections of Mrs. Irving I. Bloomingdale, Daniel H. Hanckel, John W. Haarer, and others. The ale included a group of items dealing with he Penn family—the engrossed letters-pat-nt issued to William Penn upon his rein-tatement as proprietor of the Province of Pennsylvania; the original receipt from the Indians of the Six Nations for $10,000, re-eived by them from Thomas and Richard Penn for lands recently sold to the Penn family, signed by representatatives of the Indian tribes with their totem marks; a let-ter by William Penn; and Richard Penn's copy of Gabriel Thomas's "Historical and Geographical Account of the Province and Country of Pennsylvania and of West New Jersey," 1698. There are also letters by Sir Geoffrey Amherst; a Confederate spy's nar-rative written in the Capitol Prison; a rare facsimile of the Declaration of Indepen-dence, struck off for the use of Peter Force and the State Department; a letter of Ben-jamin Franklin's written the tenth of Feb-ruary, 1782, from Passy, to Captain John Barry; letters by Thomas Jefferson, and other Signers; the original rough draft of the Report of the Committee on forming the Northwest Territory in the handwriting of Robert R. Livingston; an autograph letter from Cotton Mather describing the small-pox epidemic in Boston; an autograph man-uscript entirely in Washington's handwrit-ing of a portion of one of his speeches, and a block of two lottery tickets, signed by Washington, for the benefit of the Moun-tain Road lottery; and a complete O. Henry autograph manuscript, written on thirty pages, quarto, "Adventures in Neurasthe-nia," published in 1910. Mrs. Bostwick's library includes a set for the first octavo edition of Audubon's "Birds of America"; various first editions of Charles Dickens and George Eliot; a set of Kate Greenaway's Almanacs; Washington Irving's "History of New York," New York, 1809; a collection of first editions of Andrew Lang's fairy and story books; and several Stevenson books, including his rare Toy Books and the Da-vos-Platz issues of "The Graver and the Pen," "Black Canyon," "Moral Emblems," "To M. I. Stevenson," and "A Martial Elegy for Some Lead Soldiers."

The second sale of the season at the Chi-cago Book and Art Auction Rooms was held the 11th and 12th of December. The cata-logue had several nice things in it, and the descriptions were detailed and honest. From the 8th to the 12th of December Sotheby's sold a large collection from several libraries.

Charles F. Heartman, Metuchen, N. J. December 13th: Americana. "This," Mr. Heartman announced in his preface, "will be the last offering of medium priced material by me during the present season. I have three auction catalogues of expensive Amer-icana in preparation, but the sales will not take place before the beginning of next year. Among the more expensive items [in the present collection] may be mentioned an in-teresting set of Cook's "Three Voyages Round the World" (ten volumes, London, 1773-1785), and a good copy of the first American edition of Shakespeare's Works." The remaining pages of this preface are ex-ceedingly interesting as they discuss impres-sions and editions and bindings with singu-lar good sense.

G. M. T.

From Mr. Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., has come the announcement of the twelve books to be published by subscription by Cheshire House during 1931-1932. The first book on the list is Samuel Butler's "Erewhon," with an introduction by H. M. Tomlinson; it is to be followed by Lewis Carroll's "Through the Looking Glass," illustrated by Franklin Hughes; Dryden's translation of the "Georgics" of Virgil; "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," illustrated by Bernhardt Wall; Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," with an introduction by Edmund Blunden; Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Maide's Tragedy," introduced by Chris-topher Morley; the extremely unusual "Scarlet Letter" and "The Fall of the House of Usher"; the Reverend Henry Francis Cary's translation of "The Inferno," illustrated with the seven engravings by Wil-liam Blake, used for the first time in con-junction with the text; Dickens's "Christ-mas Carol" which, after all, might have been given a deserved rest; Shakespeare's "Sonnets," with an introduction by Joseph Auslander; and Thomas Bewick's "Select Fables of Æsop and Others," reprinted from the Newcastle edition of 1784. Subscribers to the series may pay $108 in advance, or $10 for each volume as it appears; at the end of the year their libraries will certainly have acquired some additions of dubious value, and others of probable distinction. It must be said for the Chrysler announcement that it is sober and restrained; there is none of the rhapsodic English which made the prospectus of the estimable Limited Editions Club indistinguishable from an advertise-ment of a steamship line or a new settlement on Long Island. "Cheshire House has de-parted from the usual practice of having well-known illustrators decorate its books, and has chosen (except where earlier draw-ings have been reproduced) a group of younger artists, whose names are not, as yet, familiar to the public"—it is an actual plea-sure to meet a statement of such plainness. The address of Cheshire House is Chrysler Building, New York City.

G. M. T.

In honor of the one-hundredth anniver-sary of Christina Rossetti's birth, the Yale University Library arranged an exhibition of her works. Through the courtesy of two private collectors, Mrs. J. C. Hobson and Professor C. B. Tinker, the exhibition was made unusually important by the in-clusion of manuscripts and association books from their collections. Two of the most interesting books were a presentation copy of Christina's "Verses," 1847, with an orig-inal ode in Italian by her grandfather (who printed the volume), and a presentation copy of "Annus Domini," 1874, from Chris-tina to Mrs. Heimann with her accompany-ing letter and the draft of Mrs. Heimann's reply. The exhibition ended the eighteenth of December.

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—PROFESSOR CHARLES SINGER [*internationally famous as an authority on the history of Science*]—OXFORD UNIVERSITY *and* UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

OF course it's all right for them, but how do they suppose it makes us feel, just after we've been sitting up all night with a sick manuscript, and can hardly keep our eyes open? Here are *George Sylvester Viereck* and *Paul Eldridge* cracking away at "Kotikokura, the Lost Rib of Adam," just after completing those erudite tomes on the Wandering Jew and the Wandering Jewess. And actually they are now calling their books the Two Thousand Year Series! How about Two Thousand Years under the Sea or the Wandering Merman? . . .

Old *Hendrik Van Loon* seems to have been getting very chummy with *Dr. Einstein* crossing on the *Belgenland*. *T. R. Smith* asked us to a quickly organized dinner in Van Loon's honor, at the Brevoort, but that was the night—aw-waw-wawa-ahhoo! I mean we were sitting up with our sick manuscript,—was it last night? Or is it this evening? . . .

Maybe it's last Thursday. Or maybe we're cuckoo, but we do think the title of *Maxwell Bodenheim's* new novel is quite funny. The title is "Naked on Roller-Skates." Only Bodenheim could think up a title like that, but we wish we'd thought of it. . . .

No, we don't know what it means. So far as we know, it doesn't mean anything. Who was it wrote "Seducers in Ecuador"? O, probably V. Sackville West or—ow-waw-ow-wow-wow! We guess so. . . .

It really was a sick manuscript. And it was awfully funny to see the daylight coming in under the blind while we, while our companions slept, were toiling upward through the night. If we'd only run up the shade we could have seen the sun rise. But every time we'd start to get up that ole manuscript would give one of its hacking coughs, and we'd have to sit down and hold its hand again and put another ice-pack on its forehead. . . .

It was funny to get out on the street and see the people going to work. We haven't seen anyone going to work for a long time now. Usually they are coming home from work. We thought, as a matter of fact, that nobody went to work any more. We thought it was this unemployment. . . .

All we can say about Judge Manning and Bishop—we mean, about *Bishop Manning* and *Judge Lindsey*, is, read "Where the Blue Begins" again and turn to the scene where Bishop Borzoi throws Mr. Gissing out of church. It's all there. . . .

We see that our friend (we think probably he still is) *Frank Adams* has been saying that it's hard to unwrap those books with the sticking plaster on them. They do cut your hands, that's so. Ours are all over scratches. But like a fool we keep on opening them just the same. Then we have more books. It's getting so now we are book-poor. We can't read them and they pile up and pile up. And they keep on sending them. There's some moral in this, but we—ow-woo-woo-woo-ow-umph—can't think just what it is at the moment. . . .

We don't seem to be writing about much of anything, do we? We're sorry. We would congratulate *Ogden Nash* on going *New Yorker*. But why should we? The boy was obviously headed that way. He just couldn't keep off the stuff. He'd try; and the next day he'd feel awfully remorseful, but the first thing you knew he'd be tossing off a couple of quick rhymes again. Never Scotch, it had to be Rhyme! You know what that leads to. All right, what does it lead to? . . .

Well, now that Oggie has been tapped for *New Yorker*, we're holding out for *Elks Magazine* . . . Goodness gracious, what are we writing about anyway. It's about time we did some work. . . .

Louis Untermeyer sends us a communication received by him in which the writer notifies him that:

I have a very fine thing on "December," also one on "June." A much shorter poem entitled "A Spring Morning" and still others if you care to consider them. Also I can do a similar poem on any month in the year under a week's notice as I have notes on all months.

Vicki Baum's "Grand Hotel" tells about a Berlin caravansery and *Arnold Bennett's* "Imperial Palace" all about a London one. Current literature is bullish on hotels. We were once going to write a story of a man who lived in one and never had to go out of doors. He took the subway to his office and got out in an office-building. He bought his clothes and everything else in the Grand Central Station and stayed either at the Commodore, the Biltmore, or the Roosevelt. It was never necessary for him to emerge into the street. And he had just as good a time as anyone else, beside what he saved on taxis! . . . .

Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith have brought out *Alice Raphael's* translation of *Goethe's* "Faust" with an introduction for the modern reader by *Mark Van Doren* and woodcuts by *Lynd Ward*. By this time we have got so used to the mannerisms of Lynd Ward in the woodcut that we are tiring somewhat of his style. But Miss Raphael's new presentation is a well-considered translation. She spent twelve years on her text, nearly a quarter of a century with the poem itself. She first read Faust in 1906 and at first it occupied her mind almost to the exclusion of anything else. She has followed the letter of Goethe, with certain obligatory differences. . . .

The autobiography of a distinguished American portrait painter, namely "Background with Figures," by *Cecilia Beaux*, is a good Christmas book to buy. Miss Beaux is the American woman who has achieved the highest distinction in the field of painting. She writes graphically and vividly. She has been many times a gold-medallist. Her work can be observed at the Metropolitan, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Boston Art Museum, the Art Institute of Chicago, and so on. Her book is published by Houghton Mifflin. . . .

Edwin Arlington Robinson has a poem about Nicodemus in the Winter *Yale Review*, and the late *Charles A. Bennett's* "Poetic Imagination and Philosophy" is in the same number. So it's worth buying. No, our rake-off is practically negligible, we don't even get a free copy. . . .

About the first of the year Houghton Mifflin will publish a long narrative poem, "The Serpent in the Cloud," by *Theodore Morrison*, one of the younger editors of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who has written for the *New Adelphi*. They are also launching *Frances M. Frost's* "Blue Harvest" this spring. . . .

Felicitations to *Frank Shay* and *Miss Edith Foley* on their marriage on December 6th at Provincetown! Frank is the greatest compiler of seashanties and barroom favorites now extant. Down around Vesey Street in the old days he used to be known as the Blue-eyed Bookseller of Christopher Street, and there's something about Frank that always reminds us a little of *Sinclair Lewis*. So here's hoping you get the Nobel Prize, Frank; and if you do, don't forget it was we who said here's hoping you get the Nobel Prize! . . .

B. Preston Clark, Jr., died in Boston in November after a long illness. He was born February 28th, 1893, educated at Harvard, and had written poetry since his undergraduate days. His "Poems" were published by the Four Seas Company in 1921, and another volume called "Magic" was privately printed in 1925. He had published poems in the *Century*, *Everybody's*, *Outlook*, *Yale Review*, and elsewhere. Two of his poems are in "The Home Book of Verse." . . .

An exhibition of books and pictures illustrating the development of the Russian icon through six centuries will be held at the New York Public Library, Room 112, from December 17, 1930, to January 31, 1931. . . .

We thank *Mr. Horton* of Columbia, S. C. for sending us the list of place-names from South Carolina. We wish we had room to print more place-names just now, but we have got to let up on it for a while. We are, however filing his list away. . . .

But *there* are a couple of big husky fellows in derby hats shouldering their way through the crowd. . . . Look out now! Keep away from us! They're coming straight at us. Yes? No? Yes? Yes, by gosh! Umph! *That* hit us right between the shoulder-blades. It *is* the *New Yorker!* Hooray, hooray,—O, *No*, it's the *wrong* New Yorker that tapped us. They said, "Go to your Room!" . . .

Well, we hope you'll have as good a sleep as we will this afternoon. . . .

Drowsily yoo-ow-wow-waw-waw—

THE PHOENICIAN.

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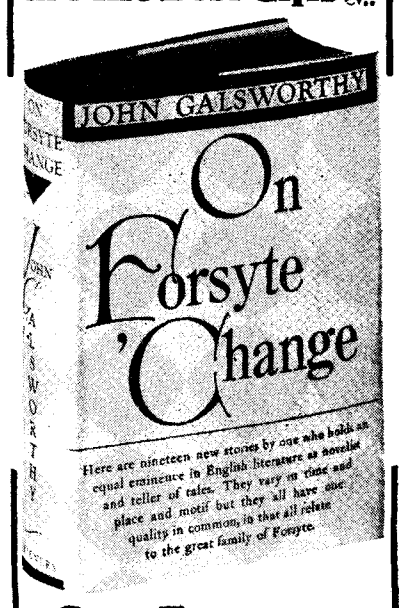
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